

Box MS 1457

Book
The Annual 1925

Page 2 is blank

2000.3003

A.S.N.

Army School of Nursing
Class of 1925



Army Medical Center
Walter Reed General Hospital
Washington, D. C.

1925

1925



UNITED STATES CAPITOL





Foreward

*"Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,
And we are graced with wreaths of victory."*

A new leaf, a new era. Another step into the march of life.



AS we prepare to take upon ourselves the mantle that awaits us, as we assume the tasks we've chosen in the world, our thoughts turn back in pleasure upon the years we've striven for this day and in the striving accomplished our feat.

Seeing now the beauty that can lie ahead if we but seek it, facing the coming day with confidence born afresh, feeling the duty that confronts us if we prove true to the training showered upon us, we pause and call to mind the efforts of our friends to make us worthy of the profession to be ours.

We voice our gratitude to everyone who shared in bringing knowledge and appreciation of responsibilities that face us. We want to assure them that their interest and efforts have not been in vain, and to impress upon them that their example has shown us the glory of self-sacrifice and toil.

If we have learned the lesson, then the world shall reap the profit. If we can carry on, the praise must go to those who gave us strength. And in the last accounting, when our goddess shall "call our merits forth and give each deed the exact intrinsic worth," if we win credit we shall pass it on to those we now are leaving.

Then, too, we have a duty to ourselves, the urge to keep alive the memories of our days together. What greater pleasure can there be than in the thoughts of joys and tribulations shared with friends?

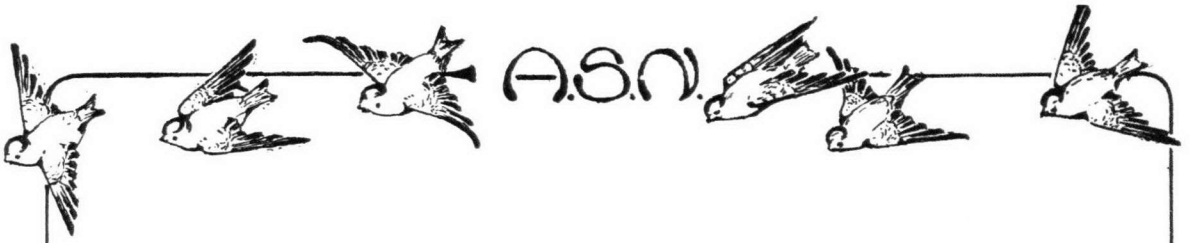
Division of our class and separations of its members into the various paths that lead into the future may hold pangs; but oft repeated recollection can bring solace. The dreams of happy days and years with comrades help dispel the clouds that loom large.

Our hopes and tastes, our fears and longings have been mutual. Shared as they were, they brought us much delight that we shall miss. The interest of our classmates in our joys and sorrows have welded us together so we soon shall feel the loss.

Such is the mission of this volume. In the hope that it conveys to all who helped us onward to fresh wreaths of victory, our gratitude, preserved forever in our hearts, it is published. If it can carry to them our appreciation of their kindness and often displayed interest and consideration, the class shall rejoice.

And if it can serve in the far future to bring to our own minds again the friendship, the cordiality, the love we have found in our comrades here, and warm our hearts again through dreams of pleasures of the past, it shall be worth while.

BILLIE HOWELL, '25.

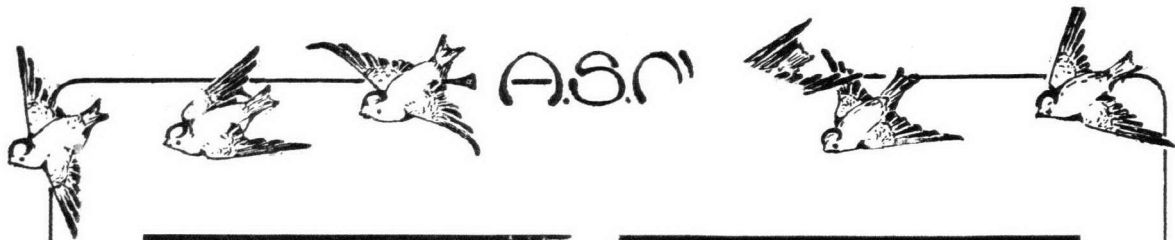


To
Major General Merritte W. Ireland

The
Students of the Class of 1925
of
The Army School of Nursing

Dedicate This Book

1925



MAJOR GENERAL MERRITTE W. IRELAND
Surgeon General, U. S. Army

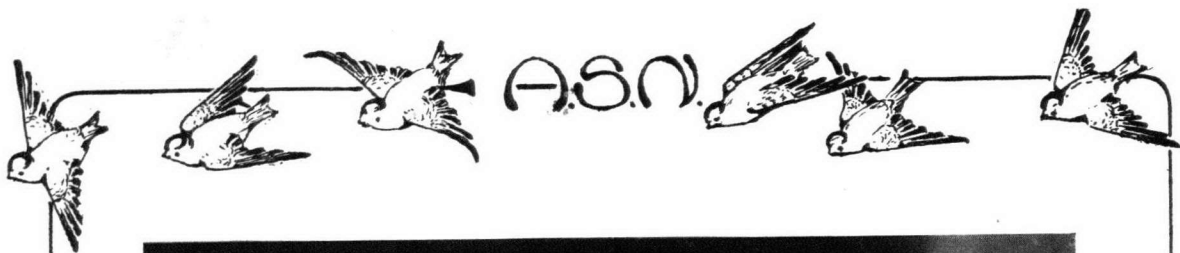
1925



THE ARMY SCHOOL OF NURSING is one of the important training and teaching activities of the Army Medical Center. I have been watching its development with the keenest interest, until now it has its place with the best schools of nursing in this country. I am proud of the organization and of the splendidly trained women who have been graduated from it and sent into the world to practice their profession. The members of the Class of 1925 have maintained the traditions of the Army School of Nursing in a handsome manner, and I wish for them the success and happiness which their work indicates should be theirs.

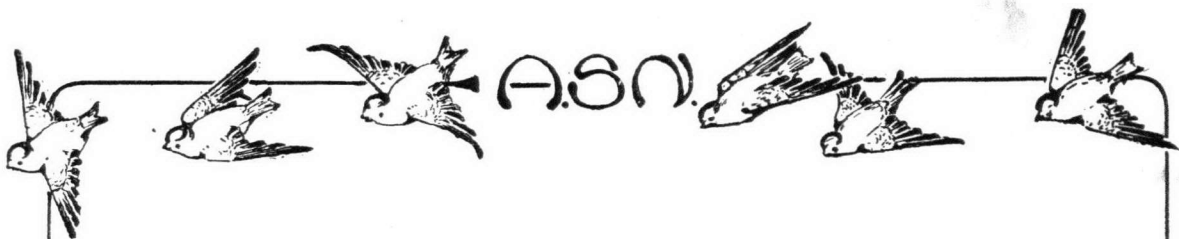
M. W. IRELAND,

Major General, The Surgeon General, U. S. Army.



BRIGADIER GENERAL JAMES D. GLENNAN
Commanding General, Army Medical Center

1925



The Graduating Class, Army School of Nursing, 1925

You are leaving the Army Medical Center after three years of difficult and faithful training and are beginning your professional life with a constantly growing field of usefulness and endeavor ahead of you.

I wish you all every honor and success which your work deserves and which your predecessors are now attaining in widespread fields all over the world.

J. D. GLENNAN,

Commanding General, Army Medical Center.

1925



MAJOR JULIA C. STIMSON
Superintendent, A. N. C. Dean, Army School of Nursing

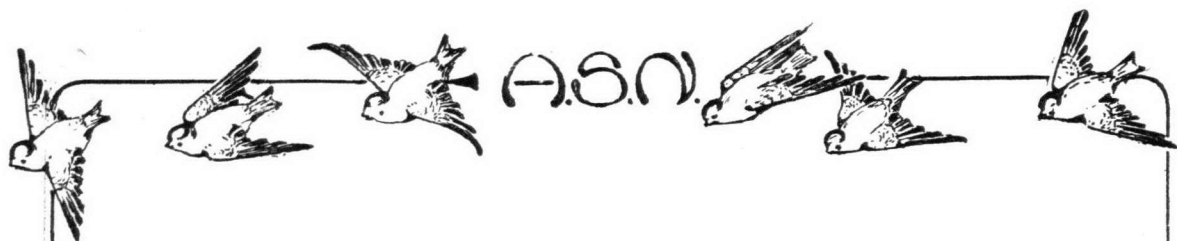
1925



THE message that I have for the Class of 1925 is, first, to congratulate them on the successful accomplishment of the aim that each member had in mind when entering the Army School, and, second, to urge upon them to remember as they go out into the busy world where so much emphasis is apt to be placed on the commercial aspects of any profession that success will depend upon keeping constantly in mind the traditional voluntary service phase of ours, the "greatest profession." By "voluntary service" is meant not only the giving of time, energy and work without just, adequate payment in return but continual thought of the spiritual element permeating all these, but infinitely above them. May each of you find from the very first year of your professional life that the true reward of a nurse's life is to see the sick recover, the weak made strong, little children saved from suffering, and to feel that yours have been the Divinely helped hands and brain used to conserve and restore the priceless gift of health.

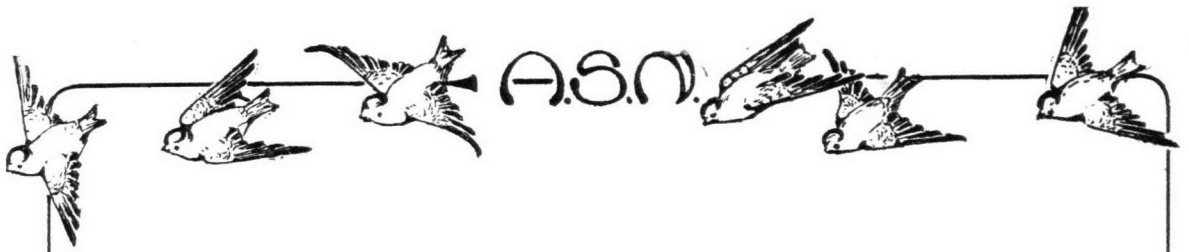
JULIA C. STIMSON.

*Major, Superintendent, Army Nurse Corps.
Dean, Army School of Nursing.*



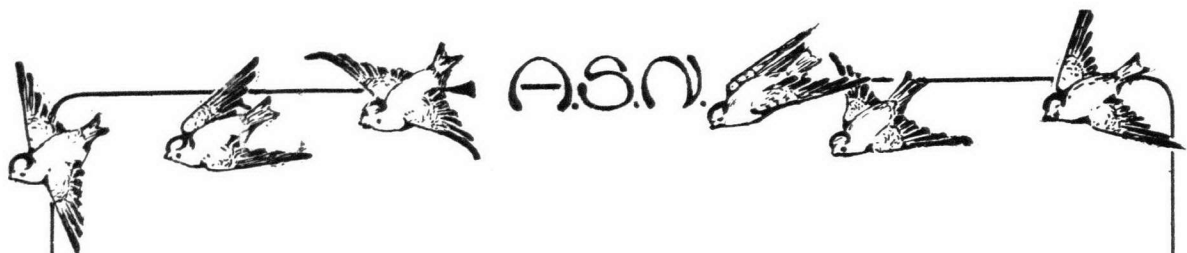
MISS ANNIE W. GOODRICH
Dean, Yale School of Nursing. First Dean of Army School of Nursing

1925



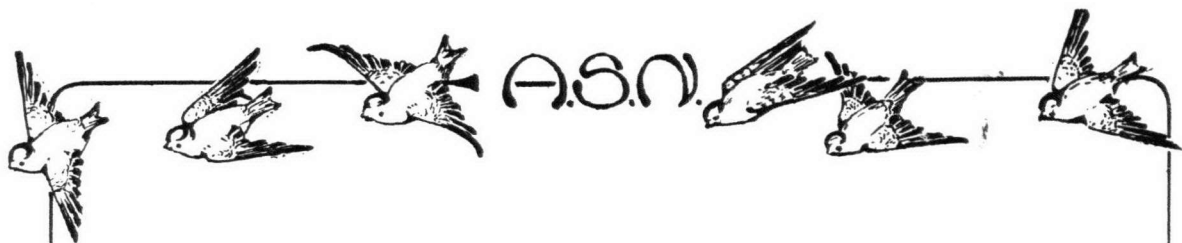
WISH that my little message of greeting and sincere congratulation could in any measure express to you the pleasure and inspiration I derived from my recent visit to the Army School of Nursing. I returned to my own task profoundly impressed with the rich and unusual opportunities afforded the honor students, opportunities that I believe are rarely if ever excelled in this or other countries. To an already richly stored memory my visit adds a series of pictures that I hope will long remain as vivid as they are today. The splendid and highly equipped buildings in their beautiful environment that have come so rapidly and effectively into existence under General Glennan, to whom we as nurses are so indebted for the standards of nursing education and technique that obtain in the Army School; your Dean whose personal gifts and scholastic attainments enable her to represent you with such grace and distinction on every occasion and who through the broad policies of the Surgeon General is enabled to continually extend the influence and reputation of the Army Nurse Corps and School. Such leaders would inevitably gather together a notable group of administrators and teachers and of such a group is one of the most important and interesting pictures of my series; or is perhaps the most important, the great group of radiantly eager faces, the student body, some with the alertness of the just beginning, some tranquil in the steadying midway, some touched with the sadness of the approaching end of student days? No, there can be no comparison, each has its place, becoming a composite, as it were, of unified and high purpose which leaves no doubt that, not less in times of peace than of war, you and your comrades will serve our country, all countries, well. May your strength and courage and your joy in life never fail you.

ANNIE W. GOODRICH.



MRS. JULIA O. FLIKKE
Principal Chief Nurse, Walter Reed General Hospital

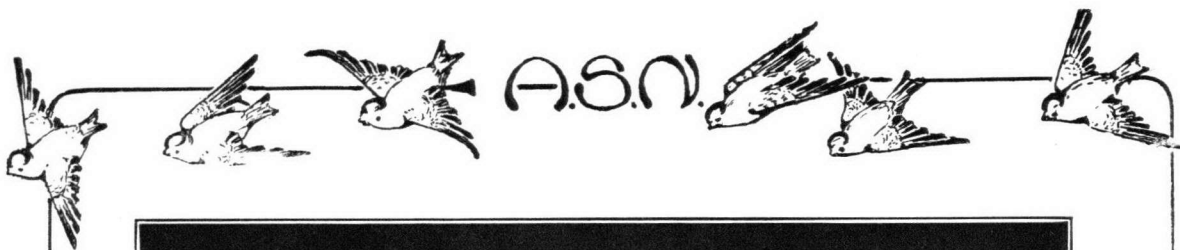
1925



CONGRATULATIONS and best wishes to the Class of 1925. May the interest you have manifested in the work just completed grow and strengthen as your field of service increases—and may you all add much to the welfare of the nursing profession.

“It ain’t the guns nor armament,
Nor funds that they can pay,
But the close cooperation
That makes them win the day.
It ain’t the individuals
Nor the army as a whole
But the everlastin’ teamwork
Of every bloomin’ soul.”

—JULIA O. FLIKKE,
1st Lieut. A. N. C., Principal Chief Nurse.



MRS. HENRY R. REA
First Red Cross Field Director, Walter Reed General Hospital
Founder, Rea Medal

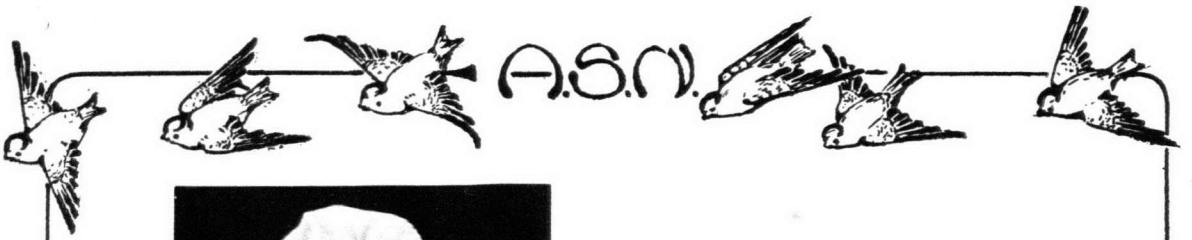
1925

Greetings to the Class of 1925

LET me speak for the Alumnae Association in welcoming you to our ranks. We need you and your help in the battles in which the women of our profession are engaged. We need you; and you will need us. Call on us as an association or as individuals. The alumnae executive secretary and other officers will cooperate with the S. G. O. to help you professionally. When you have found your work, you will probably be in the neighborhood of older A. S. N. graduates. Look them up, and learn how one Army girl greets another who has "just come from home." We alumnae do not forget the days of our training, nor the experiences we all have in common. No matter where or in what capacity we are working, we each and all of us stand ready to welcome with outstretched hands the Class of 1925.

DOROTHEA M. HUGHES,

President of the A. A. of the A. S. N.



MARY W. TOBIN



L. GERTRUDE THOMPSON



ELIZABETH MELBY

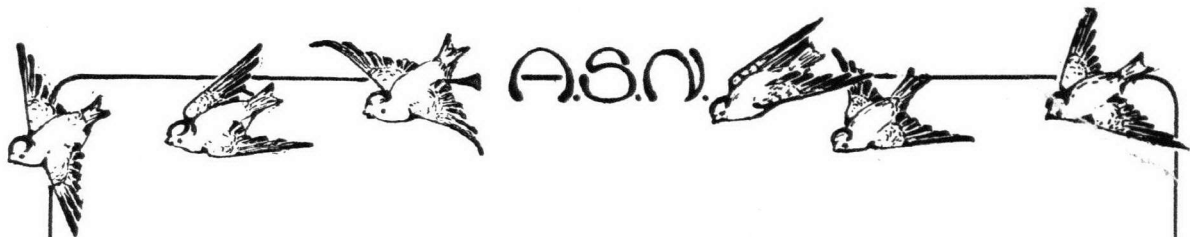


RUTH I. TAYLOR



ANGELINA STAPLES

1925



MISS HURLEY



MISS BOWMAN



MISS DAVIDSON



MISS DUNN

1925

Faculty of Administration

Maj. Gen. MERRITTE W. IRELAND,
The Surgeon General.

Lieut. Col. ROBERT U. PATTERSON,
Medical Corps, Executive Officer, Surgeon General's Office.

Maj. JULIA C. STIMSON,
Superintendent, Army Nurse Corps,
Dean, Army School of Nursing.

Army Medical Center

Col. JAMES D. GLENNAN,
Medical Corps, Commanding Officer, Army Medical Center,
and
Commanding Officer, Walter Reed General Hospital.

Maj. ROBERT W. KERR,
Medical Corps, Executive Officer, Army Medical Center.

Lieut. Col. WILLIAM L. KELLER,
Medical Corps, Chief of the Surgical Service, Walter Reed General Hospital.

Maj. ERNEST R. GENTRY,
Medical Corps, Chief of the Medical Service, Walter Reed General Hospital.

First Lieut. JULIA O. FLIKKE,
Army Nurse Corps, Principal Chief Nurse, Walter Reed General Hospital.

Faculty of Instructors

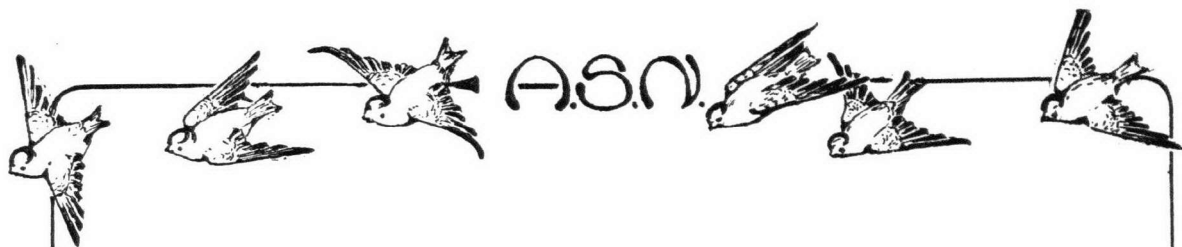
First Lieut. ELIZABETH MELBY,
Chief Nurse, Army Nurse Corps,
Director, Army School of Nursing.

First Lieut. RUTH I. TAYLOR,
Chief Nurse, Army Nurse Corps,
Supervisor, Army School of Nursing, in absentia, 1924-25.

First Lieut. ANGELINE L. STAPLES,
Chief Nurse, Army Nurse Corps,
Instructing Supervisor, Army School of Nursing.

First Lieut. MARY W. TOBIN,
Chief Nurse, Army Nurse Corps,
Instructor in Practical Nursing, Army School of Nursing.

First Lieut. L. GERTRUDE THOMPSON,
Chief Nurse, Army Nurse Corps,
Instructor in Operating Room Technique.



Officers of Instruction

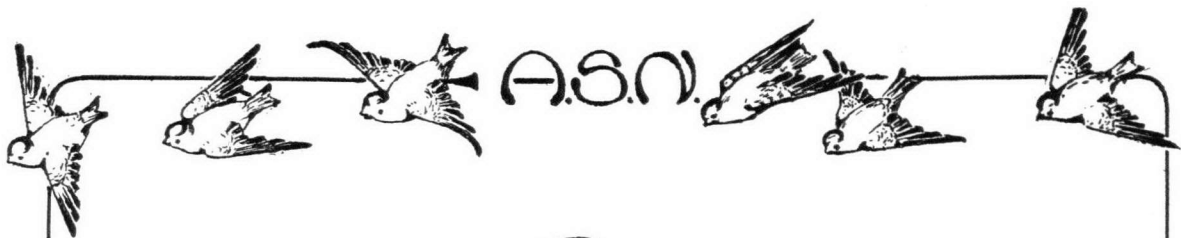
Col. Franklin F. Wing, D. C.....	Oral manifestations of local and systemic diseases.
Lieut. Col. William L. Keller, M. C.....	Director of surgical clinics and instruction.
Maj. Ernest R. Gentry, M. C.....	Director of medical clinics.
Maj. Guy L. Qualls, M. C.....	Septic surgery.
Maj. S. Jay Turnbull, M. C.....	Drill and transportation of patients.
Maj. Edgar A. Bocock, M. C.....	Public sanitation.
Maj. Norman T. Kirk, M. C.....	Amputation and orthopedic surgery.
Maj. George F. Lull, M. C.....	Occupational therapy, public health, and preventable diseases.
Maj. Horace S. Villars, M. C.....	Gynecology.
(Instructor to be assigned).....	Diet in disease.
Maj. John B. Anderson, M. C.....	The psychoneuroses and methods of handling patients.
Maj. Raymond E. Scott, M. C.....	Microbiology and pathology.
Maj. James G. Morningstar, D. C.....	Oral hygiene.
Maj. Benjamin Norris, M. C.....	Affections of peripheral nerves, physiotherapy.
Maj. Robert E. Parrish, M. C.....	Otology, rhinology, and laryngology.
Maj. Arnett P. Matthews, D. C.....	Odontology.
Maj. Edmund B. Spaeth, M. C.....	Ophthalmology.
Maj. Henry W. Grady, M. C.....	Roentgenology.
Maj. Henry C. Dooling, M. C.....	General Medicine.
Maj. Brooks C. Grant, M. C.....	Chemistry.
Maj. James E. Phillips, M. C.....	Communicable diseases.
Capt. Victor N. Meddis, M. C.....	Urology and venereal diseases.
Maj. John Dibble, M. C.....	Materia medica.
Capt. Chauncey E. Dovell, M. C.....	Principles of surgery, empyema.
Capt. Carlton C. Starkes, M. C.....	Bandaging, anesthesia.
Maj. Henry C. Dooling, M. C.....	Dermatology.
Capt. Beverly M. Epes, D. C.....	Oral surgery, oral focal infections.
Chief Dietitian Genevieve Field Long.....	Dietetics.
Supervisor Alberta Montgomery.....	Occupational therapy.
Supervisor Emma E. Vogel.....	Physiotherapy.

1925



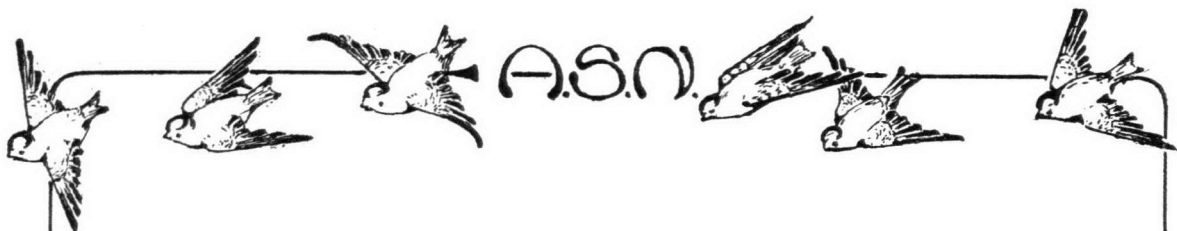
A. N. C., ARMY MEDICAL CENTER, WASHINGTON, D. C.





Seniors

1925



1925

Class Officers

PRESIDENT

Billie Howell

VICE-PRESIDENT

Ruth McGlothlin

SECRETARY

Mermel Wonser

TREASURER

Jeannette Robinson

SERGEANT-AT-ARMS

Dorothy M. Conde

LAWYERS

Phyllis Lauriat

Priscilla Vincent

PROPHET

Dorothy M. Conde

HISTORIAN

Mary Mitchell

POETS

Mary A. Stecher

Ruth McGlothlin

1925

*Mrs. E.W. Johnson
Daughter*

SADIE ADKINS

SALISBURY

MARYLAND

Affiliations:

Obstetrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
Pediatrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
Psychiatry—Saint Elizabeth's Hospital, Washington, D. C.

Military Stations:

1. U. S. P. H. Hospital, Fort McHenry, Md.
2. Army Medical Center, Washington, D. C.

*"A blessing in the chamber of the sick,
Where reigns her sweet serenity and poise."*



PRUDENCE ANDERSON

CLARKFIELD

MINNESOTA

Affiliations:

Obstetrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
Pediatrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
Psychiatry—Saint Elizabeth's Hospital, Washington, D. C.

Military Stations:

Army Medical Center, Washington, D. C.

*"A maiden, modest and yet self-possessed,
Youthful and beautiful and simply dressed."*

MARIA BERENS

RUMELAGE

LUXOMBURG

Affiliations:

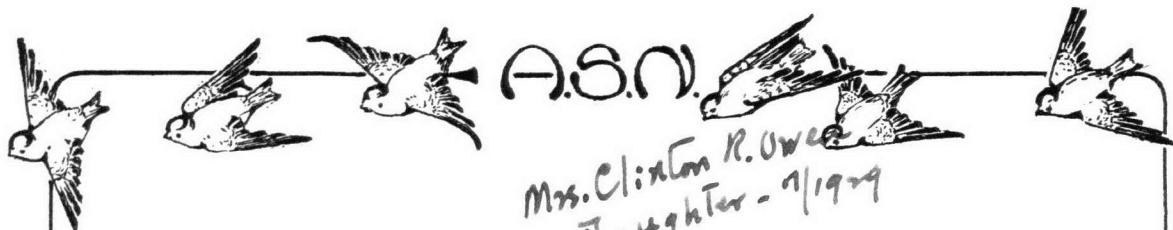
Obstetrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
Pediatrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
Psychiatry—Saint Elizabeth's Hospital, Washington, D. C.
Public Health—Henry Street Settlement, New York, N. Y.

Military Stations:

Army Medical Center, Washington, D. C.

*"Worth, courage, honor—these indeed
Your sustenance and birthright are."*





*Mrs. Clinton R. Owee
Daughter - 7/1929*



SUSAN BOOKS

SAN ANTONIO

TEXAS

Affiliations:

Obstetrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
Pediatrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
Psychiatry—Saint Elizabeth's Hospital, Washington, D. C.

Military Stations:

Army Medical Center, Washington, D. C.

"She who has lived obscurely and quietly has lived well."

Married Lt. Wiley T. Moore

HELEN T. CAREY

WASHINGTON

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Affiliations:

Obstetrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
Pediatrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
Psychiatry—Saint Elizabeth's Hospital, Washington, D. C.

Military Stations:

Army Medical Center, Washington, D. C.

*"Too deep for sunbeams, doth not lie
Hid in more chaste obscurity."*



DOROTHY MARLETTE CONDE

SCHENECTADY

NEW YORK

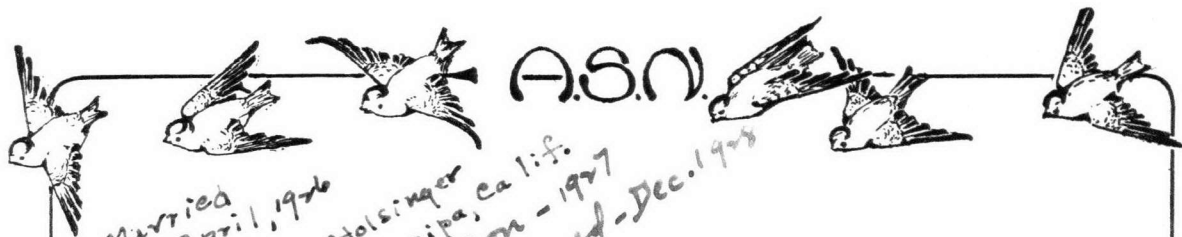
Affiliations:

Obstetrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
Pediatrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
Psychiatry—Saint Elizabeth's Hospital, Washington, D. C.

Military Stations:

Army Medical Center, Washington, D. C.

*"She is pretty to walk with,
Witty to talk with and pleasant, too, to think on."*



Married April, 1936
To
Clifford Holsinger
Yucaipa, Calif.
Son - 1937
Widowed - Dec. 1938

BESSIE DAY

LARAMIE

WYOMING

Affiliations:

Obstetrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
Pediatrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

Military Stations:

Army Medical Center, Washington, D. C.

*"Those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honor."*



ROSE B. DOLAN

PHILADELPHIA

PENNSYLVANIA

Affiliations:

Public Health—Henry Street Settlement, New York, N. Y.

Military Stations:

Army Medical Center, Washington, D. C.

"I would rather be than seem to be."

Ms. Walter Scholl (1-15-27) Son - 3/4/30

DOROTHY M. FROST

POUGHKEEPSIE

NEW YORK

Affiliations:

Obstetrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
Pediatrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
Psychiatry—Saint Elizabeth's Hospital, Washington, D. C.

Military Stations:

Army Medical Center, Washington, D. C.

*"She stretcheth her hand to the poor;
She reacheth forth her hand to the needy."*





KATHERINE COCKRELL HALL

WASHINGTON

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Affiliations:

Obstetrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
 Pediatrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
 Psychiatry—Saint Elizabeth's Hospital, Washington, D. C.

Military Stations:

Army Medical Center, Washington, D. C.

*"One thing is forever good;
 That thing is success."*

MARY ELLEN HOWE

DANVILLE

PENNSYLVANIA

Affiliations:

Obstetrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
 Pediatrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
 Public Health—Instructive Visiting Nurses' Society, Washington, D. C.

Military Stations:

Army Medical Center, Washington, D. C.

"On with the dance, let joy be unconfined."



ANNE CORNELIA HOWELL

VIENNA

GEORGIA

Affiliations:

Obstetrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
 Pediatrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

Military Stations:

Army Medical Center, Washington, D. C.

*"Her modest answer and graceful air
 Show her wise and good as she is fair."*



Married - 1946
To
Henry Wm. Karcher
Daughter

BILLIE HOWELL

SANTA BARBARA

CALIFORNIA

Affiliations:

Obstetrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
Pediatrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
Public Health—Instructive Visiting Nurses' Society, Washington, D. C.

Military Stations:

1. Letterman General Hospital, San Francisco, Calif.
2. Army Medical Center, Washington, D. C.

"There are none like her, none."



Married - 1946
To
Chas. Bennett Molster
Son

MARGARET JORDAN

FREDERICKSBURG

VIRGINIA

Affiliations:

Obstetrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
Pediatrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
Psychiatry—Saint Elizabeth's Hospital, Washington, D. C.

Military Stations:

1. Army Medical Center, Washington, D. C.

"Come and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe."

MABEL KENNEDY

WICK

SCOTLAND

Affiliations:

Obstetrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
Pediatrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
Psychiatry—Saint Elizabeth's Hospital, Washington, D. C.
Public Health—Instructive Visiting Nurses' Society, Washington, D. C.

Military Stations:

1. U. S. P. H. Hospital, Fort McHenry, Md.
2. Army Medical Center, Washington, D. C.

"It is never wise to be wiser than is necessary."



A.S.N.

Married 1920
To
Mr. Mollam
(Has Daughters)



PHYLLIS LAURIAT

MEDFORD

MASSACHUSETTS

Affiliations:

Obstetrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

Pediatrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

Public Health—Instructive Visiting Nurses' Society, Washington, D. C.

Military Stations:

Army Medical Center, Washington, D. C.

"She loves but knows not whom she loves."

MARION L. LEE

SOUTH BARRINGTON

MASSACHUSETTS

Affiliations:

Obstetrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

Pediatrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

Psychiatry—Saint Elizabeth's Hospital, Washington, D. C.

Military Stations:

Army Medical Center, Washington, D. C.

*"A cheerful heart—a cheerful smile;
A charm of friendship all the while."
That's our little corporal.*



ELISE LeMENS

PORTSMOUTH

VIRGINIA

Affiliations:

Obstetrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

Pediatrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

Public Health—Henry Street Settlement, New York, N. Y.

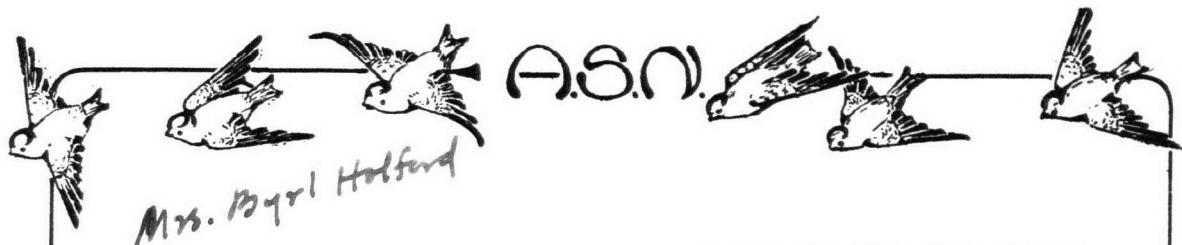
Psychiatry—Saint Elizabeth's Hospital, Washington, D. C.

Military Stations:

Army Medical Center, Washington, D. C.

"She of the supreme indifference, and master of her thoughts."





EDNA M. LIVINGSTON

SOUTH TACOMA

WASHINGTON

Affiliations:

- Obstetrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
- Pediatrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
- Psychiatry—Saint Elizabeth's Hospital, Washington, D. C.

Military Stations:

1. Letterman General Hospital, San Francisco, Calif.
2. Army Medical Center, Washington, D. C.

"She looks a goddess and moves a queen."



CROSBYTON

BEATRICE LOTT

TEXAS

Affiliations:

- Obstetrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
- Pediatrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
- Public Health—Instructive Visiting Nurses' Society, Washington, D. C.
- Psychiatry—Saint Elizabeth's Hospital, Washington, D. C.

Military Stations:

1. Letterman General Hospital, San Francisco, Calif.
2. Army Medical Center, Washington, D. C.

"Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul."

LORETTO D. McBRIDE

ST. LOUIS

MISSOURI

Affiliations:

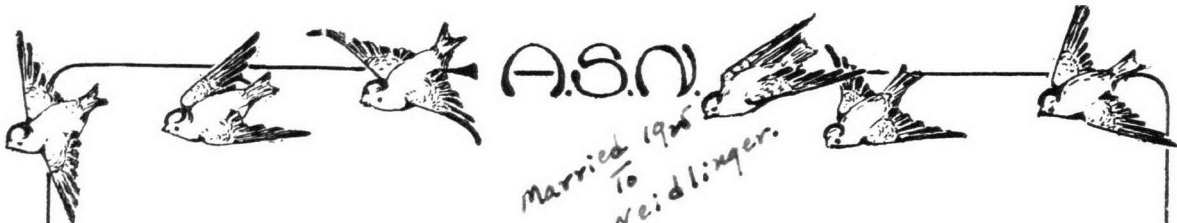
- Obstetrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
- Pediatrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
- Psychiatry—Saint Elizabeth's Hospital, Washington, D. C.

Military Stations:

1. Letterman General Hospital, San Francisco, Calif.
2. Army Medical Center, Washington, D. C.

*"Grace was in all her steps, Heaven in her eyes,
In every gesture dignity and love."*





Married 1925
to
Mr. Neidlinger.



RUTH M. McGLOTHLIN

RAVENSWOOD

VIRGINIA

Affiliations:

Obstetrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
Pediatrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
Psychiatry—Saint Elizabeth's Hospital, Washington, D. C.

Military Stations:

Army Medical Center, Washington, D. C.

"Steady and true as the stars that shine, a real nurse."

ELEANOR W. MERRILL

NORTH ABINGTON

MASSACHUSETTS

Affiliations:

Obstetrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
Pediatrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
Psychiatry—Saint Elizabeth's Hospital, Washington, D. C.

Military Stations:

Army Medical Center, Washington, D. C.

*"Content that from employment springs
A heart that in her labor sings."*



Mrs. Robt P. Tiffey

MARY F. MITCHELL

WASHINGTON

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

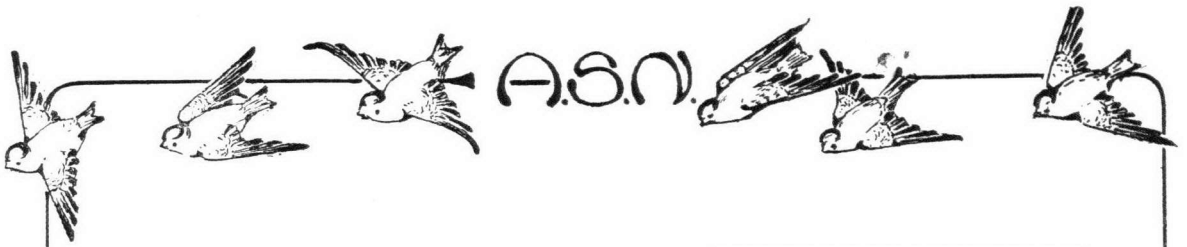
Affiliations:

Obstetrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
Pediatrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
Public Health—Instructive Visiting Nurses' Society, Washington, D. C.

Military Stations:

Army Medical Center, Washington, D. C.

"Keen of mind, big of heart and Irish wit galore."



MARTHA NOWINSKI

APPLETON

WISCONSIN

Obstetrics—Columbia Hospital for Women, Washington, D. C.

Pediatrics—Children's Hospital, Washington, D. C.

Psychiatry—Saint Elizabeth's Hospital, Washington, D. C.

Military Stations:

Army Medical Center, Washington, D. C.

"Loyal Friend."



ESTHER RANSOM

ANNANDALE

MINNESOTA

Affiliations:

Obstetrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

Pediatrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

Military Stations:

Army Medical Center, Washington, D. C.

*"A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command."*

Mrs. H. B. Greene (8-21-26)

ELLA REED

LISBON

OHIO

Affiliations:

Obstetrics—Columbia Hospital for Women, Washington, D. C.

Pediatrics—Children's Hospital, Washington, D. C.

Psychiatry—Saint Elizabeth's Hospital, Washington, D. C.

Military Stations:

Army Medical Center, Washington, D. C.

*"Her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair."*



*Mrs. Harold J. Smith, M.D.
175-27
Divided 1930*



JEANNETTE ROBINSON

DECATUR

ILLINOIS

Affiliations:

Obstetrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

Pediatrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

Military Stations:

Army Medical Center, Washington, D. C.

*"And welcome whereso'er she went,
A calm and gracious element."*

MAMIE ROSSER

Affiliations:

Obstetrics—Columbia Hospital for Women, Washington, D. C.

Public Health—Henry Street Settlement, New York, N. Y.

"Whose sweetness and graciousness fit like a gown."



ELSIE SINKLER

PHILADELPHIA

PENNSYLVANIA

Affiliations:

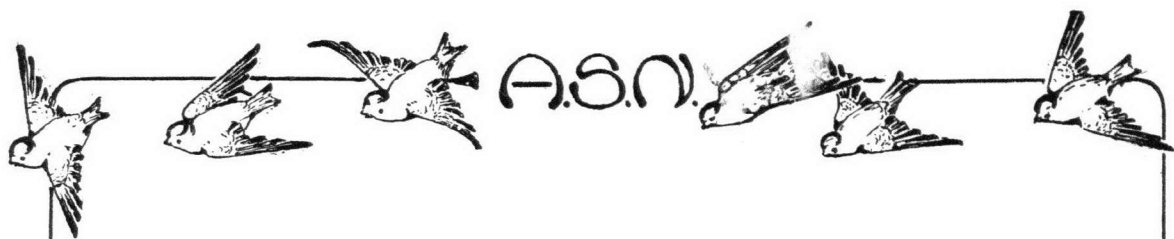
Public Health—Henry Street Settlement, New York, N. Y.

Military Stations:

Army Medical Center, Washington, D. C.

*"Mingle a little folly with your wisdom;
a little nonsense now and then is pleasant."*





MARY STECHER

BALTIMORE

MARYLAND

Affiliations:

Obstetrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

Pediatrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

Psychiatry—Saint Elizabeth's Hospital, Washington, D. C.

Military Stations:

Army Medical Center, Washington, D. C.

*"A demure maid with broken eyes,
Ever kind and always wise."*



Mrs. Ireland Hedgcock
ESTHER STEPHENS

LEAVENWORTH

KANSAS

Affiliations:

Obstetrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

Pediatrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

Psychiatry—Saint Elizabeth's Hospital, Washington, D. C.

"An honest-to-goodness pal."

ANNIE MAY TAYLOR

DURHAM

NORTH CAROLINA

Affiliations:

Obstetrics—Columbia Hospital for Women, Washington, D. C.

Pediatrics—Children's Hospital, Washington, D. C.

Psychiatry—Saint Elizabeth's Hospital, Washington, D. C.

Public Health—Instructive Visiting Nurses' Society, Washington, D. C.

Military Stations:

Army Medical Center, Washington, D. C.

*"The reason firm, the temperate will,
endurance, foresight, strength and skill."*





ALLINE THOMPSON

I.L.O.

GEORGIA

Affiliations:

Obstetrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
 Pediatrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
 Psychiatry—Saint Elizabeth's Hospital, Washington, D. C.

Military Stations:

Army Medical Center, Washington, D. C.

*"True beauty dwells in deep retreats
 Whose veil is unremoved."*

Mrs. J. Allen M. Vincent (1900)

PRISCILLA VINCENT

RIO

WISCONSIN

Affiliations:

Obstetrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
 Pediatrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
 Public Health—Instructive Visiting Nurses' Society, Washington, D. C.

Military Stations:

Army Medical Center, Washington, D. C.

*"How exquisitely minute,
 A miracle of design!"*



HELEN WALK

COLUMBIA

PENNSYLVANIA

Affiliations:

Obstetrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
 Pediatrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
 Public Health—Instructive Visiting Nurses' Society, Washington, D. C.

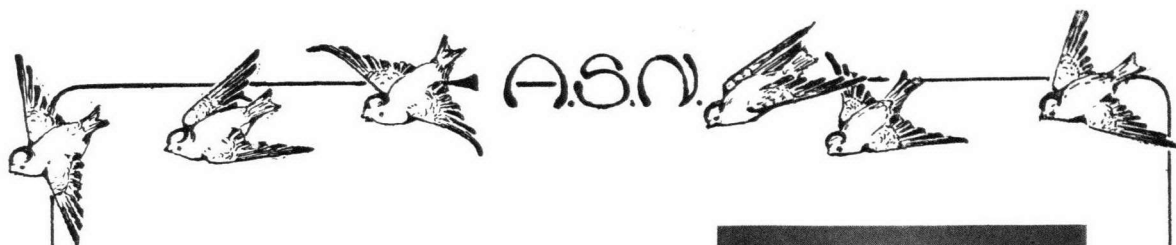
Military Stations:

Army Medical Center, Washington, D. C.

"To be good rather than to be conspicuous."

*Married 1925
 To
 Elmer Burt
 Wash. D.C.*

1925



GERTRUDE WILSON

LYNDHURST

VIRGINIA

Affiliations:

Obstetrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

Pediatrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

Psychiatry—Saint Elizabeth's Hospital, Washington, D. C.

Military Stations:

Army Medical Center, Washington, D. C.

"Self-sacrifice and industry."



Married Dr. A.W. Shannon
MERMEL WONSER

GRANTON

ILLINOIS

Affiliations:

Obstetrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

Pediatrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

Psychiatry—Saint Elizabeth's Hospital, Washington, D. C.

Public Health—Instructive Visiting Nurses' Society, Washington, D. C.

Military Stations:

Army Medical Center, Washington, D. C.

*"Happy am I, from care I am free;
Why aren't they all content like me?"*

MARY B. WILLIFORD

WHARTON

TEXAS

Affiliations:

Public Health—Henry Street Settlement, New York, N. Y.

Military Stations:

Army Medical Center, Washington, D. C.
"Whose wisdom's instinctive insight is deep."

GLADYS M. PEACOCK

LONDON

E. C.

Affiliations:

Public Health—Henry Street Settlement, New York, N. Y.

Military Stations:

Army Medical Center, Washington, D. C.
"Nothing can be great that is not right."

*"Her hands are all that hands should be
And own a touch whose memory lingers"*

GERTRUDE PENDLETON

WASHINGTON

D. C.

Affiliations:

Obstetrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

Pediatrics—Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

Psychiatry—Saint Elizabeth's Hospital, Washington, D. C.

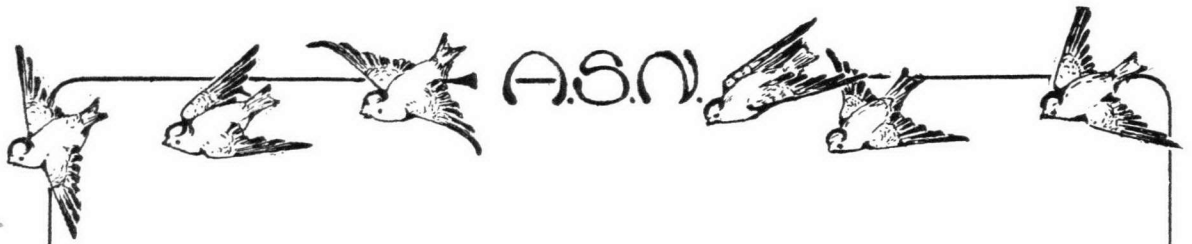
Military Stations:

Army Medical Center, Washington, D. C.

*"So full of joyous life, she's sure to bring
new happiness wher'er she goes."*

*Married Jan. 1926
To
W. Commander Geo. E. Brandt.*

1925



Don't Forget

Don't forget you were a student,
When you've donned your spotless white;
Don't forget the struggle upward,
When it seemed a losing fight.

When you own a little office
And the students work for you—
Don't forget you were a student,
And the things you used to do.

Don't forget the beds you bungled,
Feeling hopeless—and so dumb—
While the head nurse watched your technique,
And the corners wouldn't come!

Don't forget you were a student,
And not always quite so bright;
Don't forget you were a "bluebird"
E'er you blossomed into white.

It might help to tell the student
That you've felt that way yourself;
How you thought you'd never get there,
And your heart was on the shelf.

Don't display her to the Major,
In a condescending way,
If she hands a forcep backwards—
You did worse yourself, one day.

Don't forget the sinking feeling,
As you memorized the ways
To pick the proper "trimmings"
For a million different trays.

Don't forget your disappointment—
Thought you knew the hypo game,
And had practiced on a lemon—
But an arm was not the same.

Don't forget the many trials—
Who can better know than you?
You are wearing *white* for custom,
But your heart can wear the blue.

Don't forget *you* were a student,
And be glad to wear the white,
Not for pomp—but, with its power,
Help the students win the fight.

E. JUANITA McELROY, '23.

1925



UNION STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The History of the Class of 1925

*"The time has come the Walrus said, to talk of many things;
Of ships at sea and sealing tear and cabbages and kings."*

QN a windy day in March, 1922, thirteen fearless pioneer student nurses landed at the Union Station in Washington and made the perilous journey in taxicabs to the place called Walter Reed. Here they took counsel together and decided that this was indeed an ideal site upon which to establish the Class of 1925.

Presently they saw approaching the Chiefs of the Tribe of Graduates, who welcomed them to this beautiful country and led them to the Adjutant's tent to take the oath of office. Very soon they found that Walter Reed was inhabited by other tribes, very like themselves, known as the Class of 1923 and the Class of 1924, who came forward and greeted them with friendly gestures.

The days that followed were full of trials and tribulations and the little band would have been devoured by the monsters "Anatomy," "Drugs," and his twin brother, "Solutions," and by the fiendish one called "Homesickness," had it not been for the wise counsel of the faculty and the keen swords of Encouragement and Suggestions with which the tribes of '23 and '24 helped them to slay the beasts. Though there were many hardships there were also many pleasures, the greatest of which was the Capping Festival. The members of the other tribes in blue assembled and after a simple ceremony placed upon the fact-filled heads of the newcomers, starchy white caps—their symbol of service.

Through the summer they washed bedside tables, took temperatures, rubbed weary backs and adjusted electric fans to "high" so creditably that their fame went out through the country, reaching the ears of a tribe of students in the place known as Fort McHenry. So pleased were they with what they heard that they hastened to join the Class of 1925, bringing with them a noble counsellor for the faculty, whose name they came to love—Miss Tobin. Nor were these the only cars reached. Thirty others left home and friends to enlist in the great cause and landed at the same Union Station on the fourth day of October. These novices were in turn capped and joined the first settlers in their work. Great happiness reigned in the camp of '25.

Three thousand miles away the sisters of the Reedites, moved by the same desire to be of service, had banded together and made a settlement just in sight of the Golden Gate, where they applied themselves to learning the gentle art of nursing. Though they were very happy in their work, they were stirred with longings to see the world and their sisters in service, so they consulted with the faculty, who in turn consulted with the Big Chief. Arrangements were made and finally the day came when they were to turn their backs on dear familiar scenes to go out into the world. (Gentle reader, if you would follow them on their trip to Walter Reed and see the world with them as they came, kindly turn to the page entitled, "The Big Trip," in this volume.)



Great was the rejoicing when the news went up on the bulletin board that the Lettermanites had landed and were speeding to Washington, soon to be rechristened "Reedites."

The Class of 1925 was now complete; but alas, just as they were beginning to realize the fact, the time was upon them to separate into small bands and push on to Philadelphia in search of new kinds of knowledge. However, the wailings soon ceased and their pioneer spirit reasserted itself and they worked with a will, learning much about nursing and not less about how "the other half lives." Many were the friendships made, splendid the instruction and indelibly imprinted the lessons they learned at Brockley. When the time came to return to the homeland, it was not without regret that they said goodbye to the old gray walls that enclosed so many pleasant memories.

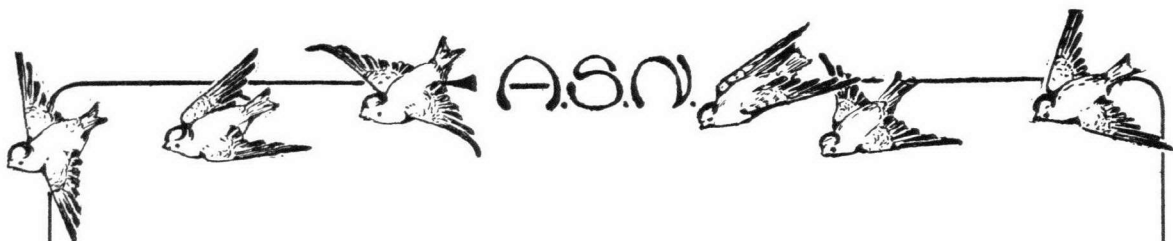
Upon their return some of the class were sent to explore the East Side of New York as public health nurses, others were trundled away in ambulances to wander in the mazes of psychiatry at Saint Elizabeths and the remaining members wended their way to "Southeast" Washington to nurse the sick in the highways and byways by the river. (Again reader I refer you to the particular pages whereon are printed the accounts of these adventures.)

And so the three years they had allotted to learning the great profession of nursing are over, and they have accomplished many, though not nearly, all the things they set out to do, as they are about to receive the coveted sign of the Chief's approval, known as "Diplomas." They shall then disband in body, though not in spirit, to go forth and practice the arts of healing and preventing they have learned. May they never forget that the time spent at Walter Reed and other posts of duty were only a beginning of the many lessons to be learned and may each year find them capable of greater service to humanity.

MARY FRANCES MITCHELL, '25



1925



1925



Class Will

District of Columbia

WE, the Senior Class of The Army School of Nursing, in the year of our Lord, One Thousand, Nine Hundred and Twenty-five, having completed our journey through the Army School of Nursing and having attained the goal in full possession of a sound mind, memory and understanding, knowing that graduation is the predestined lot of all seniors, finding that during our nursing career we have accumulated a considerable estate of knowledge, commonsense and experience, and a vast store of earthly treasures, in all due respect and thoughtfulness toward our heirs and friends, do make, declare and publish this our last will and testament, hereby revoking and making void all former wills by us at any time heretofore made.

Subject to receiving our diplomas, we hereby will, give, devise and bequeath all our school property and affairs as follows:

Item One

We bequeath to General Glenman our appreciation of his interest and kindness on our behalf.

To Major Stimson, our appreciation of the high ideals which she inspires and helps us maintain.

To Mrs. Flikke, our chief nurse, our thanks for the many permissions and privileges she has given us in the past years.

To the faculty we leave our good will and appreciation of their interest and earnest efforts in helping us reach our goal.

To the school at large, the duty of promoting the high standards which we have tried to maintain during our student career.

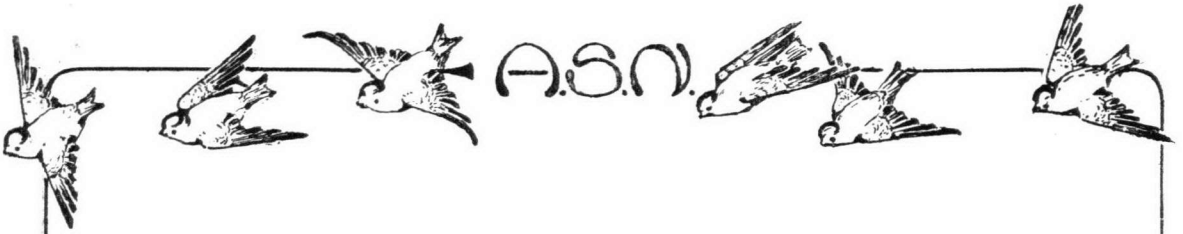
Item Two

To those supplied with an abundance of energy, we bequeath the Y. M. C. A. with its basketball games and other indoor sports.

To those less active, we bequeath the Red Cross with its Sunday night concerts and weekly Keith's performance, also the K. of C. with its moving pictures.

To those who wish a place to be quiet and read, we bequeath the library, with its books and inspirations.

To every one, for peace and relaxation, after the day's work is done, we bequeath the Formal Garden and the band concerts.



Item Three

We bequeath the incoming seniors our responsibilities and all knowledge acquired during our student days, our Public Health affiliation (may you enjoy the car rides as much as we did), and St. Elizabeths.

To the intermediates, we will our rooms in Army Alley at Philadelphia General Hospital, also our many varied welfare posters, our places on the steps behind the Commercial Museum on which to watch the Washington trains go by and count the days till they will pack their bags and take the same train home.

To the Juniors, our ability as actors to raise money for a worthy cause—
THE ANNUAL.

To the preliminary students we leave our places in the classroom and sufficient insight to perceive the obvious need for paying class dues regularly and promptly when they first enter our school.

Item Four

We bequeath to those who need, desire or can in any way use, the following:
Miss Conde's dramatic ability.

Miss Jordan's pep and popularity.

Miss Mitchell's ability to lose articles and immediately recover them.

Miss Howe's love affairs.

Miss Robinson's dignity.

Miss Hall's ideals.

"Mitch" wills her ability to handle a class meeting to all budding class orators.

"Annie Neal," to Florina Corder, wills her "Recitta."

"Doc" publicly bequeaths her singing and giggling voice to our school for the use of everyone—Big-hearted "Doc"!

"Andy" wills to the Chapel fund things of use collected in her room during the three years of training, namely, candy boxes, shoes, stationery and other "odds and ends."

K. C., with all her heart, wills her ability to gracefully attend boring functions and remark on the pleasant time.

Lillie Lott—her love of P. H. to '26.

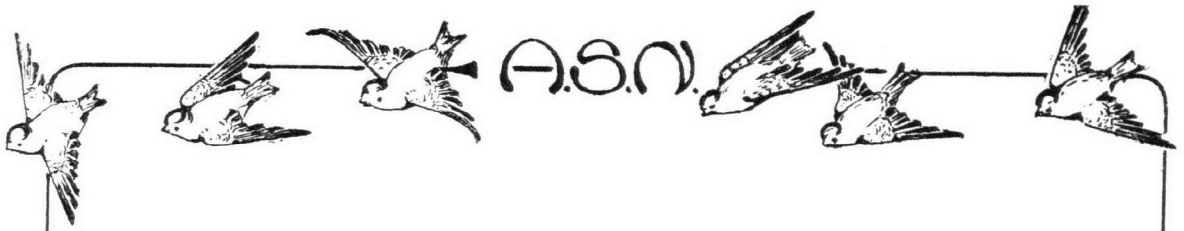
Mary Ellen—her stature to Winifred Mo. '27.

Jordan—her vivacity to anyone who can get it away from her.

Walk wills to the painfully thin of W. R. G. H. her admirable ability to look "nice" though stout.

"Billie" wills to Ruth Boyd her private manual, "How to Be Happy Though Married," in case—

Last, but not least, our class modesty.



Jean bequeaths to Irene Langevin her starchy, "nursery" appearance.
Dot Frost—to anyone who will have it—her "key ring" and her "wardrobe trunk."

Kennedy wills her uniforms, etc., to the Class of '28, because they don't make good house dresses.

"Phil" wills all her sweeties to the "probies," so they can get phone calls, too.

"Stech" wills her love of classical music to all jazz-loving butterflies.

Corporal Lee—her rank to Miss Frantz.

McGlothlin wills gladly to applicants for same, her ladylike manner.

Mamie Rosser and Steve bequeath their blonde beauty to dissatisfied brunettes.

Ella wills to the library, for the use of all, her secretly-written book, "Men and How to Capture Them Alive."

The Public Health Group will their bags, coats, hats, day sheets, experience blanks, lectures and "Southeast" Washington to all budding P. H. nurses.

Sinkler wills her love of the operating room to students advancing toward that goal.

"Frenchy" wills her auburn locks to Mary B. Willeford.

Taylor bequeaths her decided ideas about things to research workers who need just that thing for success.

"Willy" wills her love for Blockley to the next affiliating class.

Peacock wills her "Horatio" to Miss Melvin, of 1927.

Helen Carey wills her self effacement to Miss Butcher, '27.

Gertrude Willson bequeaths to Marie Mason her gracious, ladylike manner.

Livingston—her queenlike carriage to Miss Schaefer.

Dolan wills a warning to lower classmen to be careful of privates' glass eyes, because, though eyes, they are unable to find themselves when lost.

Gertrude Pendleton wills her "single blessedness," which she no longer needs, to Phyllis Mobis.

Susan wills her bobbed-hair style and violent protests at having it cut to Lillian Stecher, should she ever be in the same predicament.

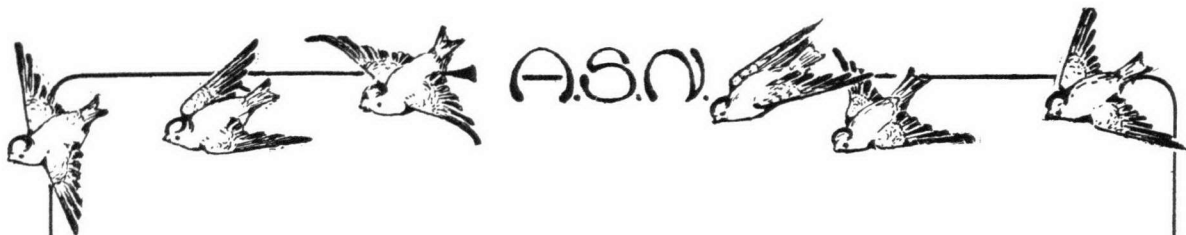
Merrill wills her broadcasting ability to Miss Milliken.

"Hop" wills her sophistication to "Ducky" Kangas.

Bessie Day—Her ability in management of children to Billie Howell for use in her child-welfare work.

"Berry" bequeaths her sweet disposition to Lilly Lott.

MacBryde wills her tact and ability to get what she wants (?)



Item Five

And last of all we will to you our boys—the priceless heritage handed down from '21—our boys who are standing for the future of our nation.

Item Six

Reposing special confidence in General Glennan and Major Stimson, and believing that they will faithfully carry out the provisions of this Will, we nominate and appoint them sole executor and executrix, and relieve them from the necessity of giving bond or obtaining any order from any court for the purpose of carrying into effect the provisions of this Will.

In Witness Hereof, we, the Graduating Class of 1925, have hereunto set our hands and affixed our seals this day of June, in the year of our Lord, One Thousand Nine Hundred and Twenty-Five, and in the one hundred and forty-ninth year of the Sovereignty and Independence of the United States of America.

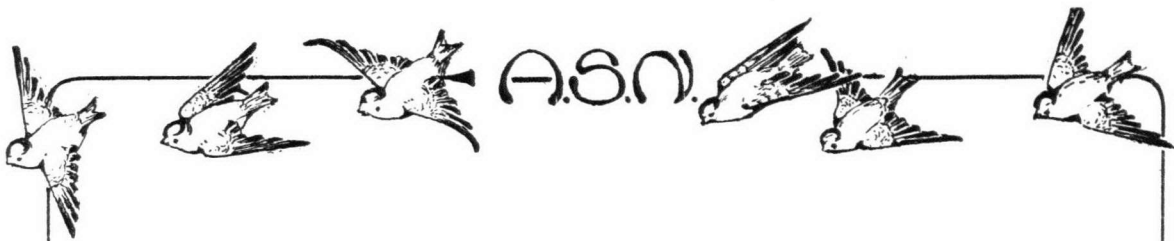
PHYLLIS LAURIAT
PRISCILLA VINCENT.

Witnesses:

MISS MARY W. TOBIN
MISS DOROTHY MARLETTE CONDE

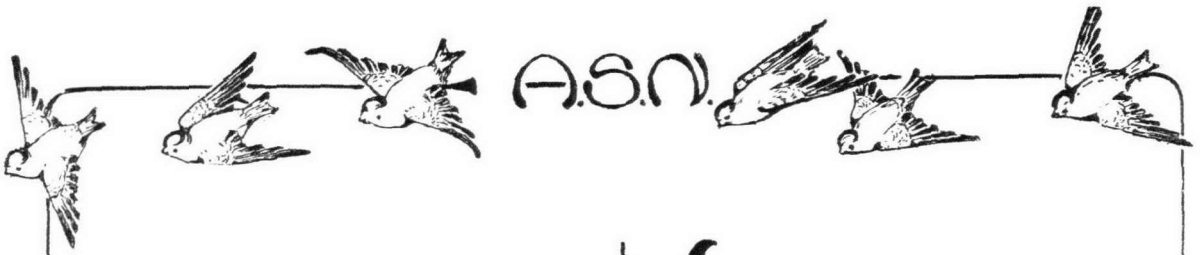


1925



Class Prophecy

1925



Class Prophecy

IT is the year 1940. New York is still the greatest city in the world. The old districts are little changed—Greenwich Village, careless and gay—Times Square with its after the theatre crowds—Fifth Avenue with the imposing public library and the distinctive shops in contrast—the Ghetto and Bowery. The Bronx is no longer an outlying district. The arms of the city have reached so far that many a country place of 1925 has become the town house of 1940. Downtown the green and red traffic lights still blink alternately. Even the traffic in the heavens is regulated. Across the sky the planes form fields of light and dark—"Like one of those cross-word puzzles we did years ago"—an observer might remark.

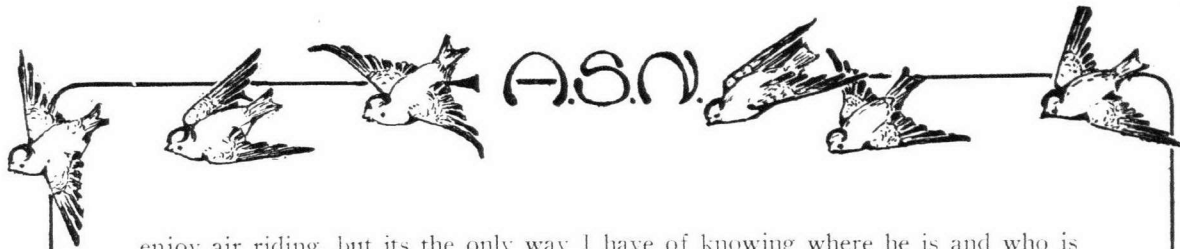
Who witnessing this would guess that the pilot of one of these planes is Miss Katherine Hall. She is, with the airplane above New York, on her way from Boston to Washington. True Miss Hall had remained on duty at Walter Reed for some years but the mad rush of making "fours" and "nines" in the basement supply had been too much of a strain and she had been ordered by Doctor Stecher to give up nursing and stay out-of-doors. "The higher the better," said Doctor Stecher and K. C. obediently went sky-high! Miss Hall brings her plane to a halt beside the one already waiting for her. "I'm so sorry to be late," begins K. C., "but I was arrested for speeding and had it not been that the aero cop was our classmate, Jeannette Robinson, I doubt if I should be here now. Of course she relieved me of fifty dollars. She learned the art of extortion when she was class treasurer, your remember."

The pilot does not heed the apology and explanation.

"I brought Horatio with me, tho' he's quite lost among the baggage," and the speaker begins to transfer mail pouches to the other plane.

K. C. rather expecting to see a poodle or a Persian cat brought forth is rather surprised when Mme. Peacock presents her husband, Mr. Horatio Smith, who emerges from the rear cabin choking and blinking.

"Take the air, old thing, there is plenty up here. Horatio somehow doesn't



enjoy air riding, but its the only way I have of knowing where he is and who is with him!"

Madame Peacock, she preferred to call herself since her marriage to Horatio Smith, proprietor of a smart Fifth Avenue shop catering to fashionable women.

Tho' already behind schedule, K. C. must hear the latest news and sample the cigarettes offered her.

Mme. Peacock prefers her pipe.

"I'm week-ending in London with Willie. How shocked all Britain was at the Prince of Wales' elopement. I don't believe they were any more surprised than Williford's friends, however; but they are ideally happy," and she gave a sigh as she gazed at Horatio and took another puff from her trusty pipe.

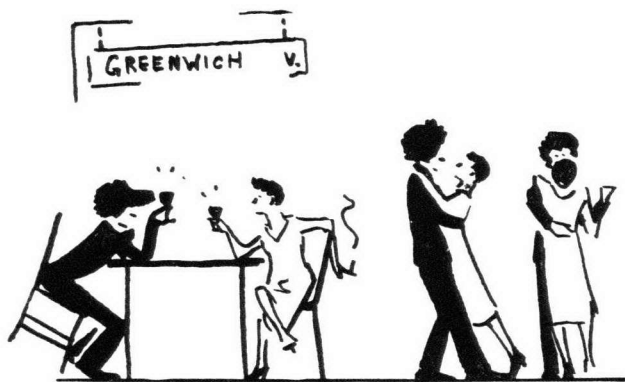
"No doubt many of the girls are in New York this very minute," says K. C. "If I hadn't promised to attend a reception at the White House tonight I'd be tempted to go down and look them up; I don't believe the people in Washington would mind one day's delay in the mails, but since Susan Brooks became the First Lady of the Land I hate to miss a single White House function."

"New Yorkers object when kept waiting for their mail," and Peacock began to pack mail pouches and husband into cabin. "Williford and I plan to fly over to Paris and get the latest fashions. I do think LeMens creates the most ravishing things, but you know me on the subject of clothes—I must fly!" and she was off.

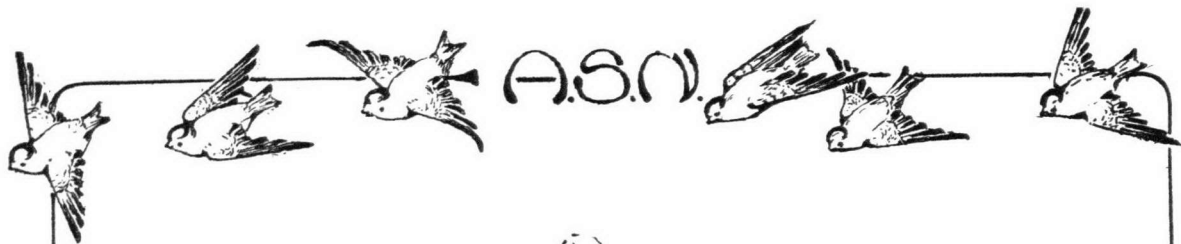
Another plane bearing a Red Cross parked near K. C. She recognized this as a hospital plane and looking in she was amazed to see Colonel Adkins doing an emergency appendectomy with Martha Nowinsky as scrub nurse.

"I wonder how many of the Army Girls are in that one city," mused K. C. as she flies southward.

How many of the 1925 girls have made New York their mecca? To answer this question we must make a tour of the city from the squalid tenement to palatial home.



1925



Past the dingy shops of Allen Street two Public Health nurses are homeward bound. Their conversation is almost obliterated by the roar of the eternal 'elevated.'

"Mary Ellen Howe won't be home till later," says Miss Wonser. "She went directly to the Fashion Show where she is exhibiting the uniform."

"I am glad that Mary Ellen consented to go," replies the other, whom we recognize as Miss Lott. "When younger girls see how attractively the uniforms may be worn it may encourage them to take up the work. We need younger workers in the field of Public Health," and Miss Lott barely escapes colliding with a peddler and his cart. How gratifying to know that for fifteen years these three have been actively engaged in Public Health Nursing and still retain the old enthusiasm.

Across the town in Greenwich Village, not far from Washington Square, a group of men and women are making merry in a studio apartment. A woman at the piano renders a hectic version of the "Hungarian Rhapsody"—she stops abruptly and joins a group of smokers.

"I wish Ella Reed would hurry with the drinks," whines Bessie Day, "I'm dying with thirst."

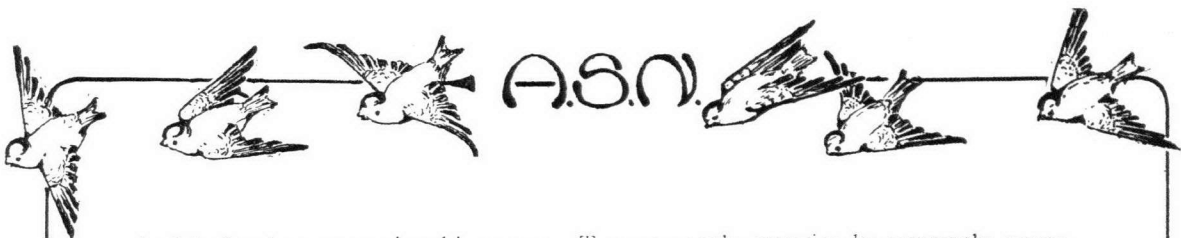
At this moment Mme. Ella enters the room, laying down the law to her poor husband as usual, and gesticulates wildly with the malted milk shaker.

"If you two stop your fuss I might write a bit of verse," and Gertrude Wilson gave a toss to her abbreviated and hennaed tresses.

Some one puts a record on the victrola, the Misses Dolan and Sinkler known on Keith's circuit as the "Syncopation Sisters," exhibit their latest step much to their audience's delight.

A tall young lady is speaking—

"Mrs. Vincent de Reymer has consented to a sitting, naturally I am greatly surprised and pleased." The "Diamond King's" most precious jewel, Mrs. de Reymer, nee Helen Carey! She had been a faithful nurse during a siege of pneumonia that had almost ended the career of this famous financier and connoisseur of rare gems. His extreme age had been against him, and during a sinking spell he



had insisted on marrying his nurse. To everyone's surprise he promptly recovered. Now the white-haired man and his charming wife are considered to put the social stamp on any affair they condescend to attend.

As the party disbands hasty reminders are exchanged: "Miss McBride's rehearsal at ten sharp tomorrow, Miss Frost and Miss Taylor, too. I want to get that 'Dance of the Nymphs' perfected."

Not many blocks away a wedding is being solemnized at the "Little Church Around the Corner." The bride is Margaret Jordan and the groom Lee Francis. The only attendants are the actress, Annie Neal Howell, and her director husband. After the ceremony Miss Howell and her husband accompany the happy couple to the Pennsylvania station, then they must dash to the theatre where Miss Howell is starring in "Tillie's Teeny Tootsies," from the pen of Alline Thompson. The bride and groom will make their home in Center Building, St. Elizabeths, where she will find many acquaintances. Miss Berens is now Director of Nurses, while Edna Livingston is in charge of the Training School. They are happy in their work, their one diversion being chaperoning the patients to entertainments.

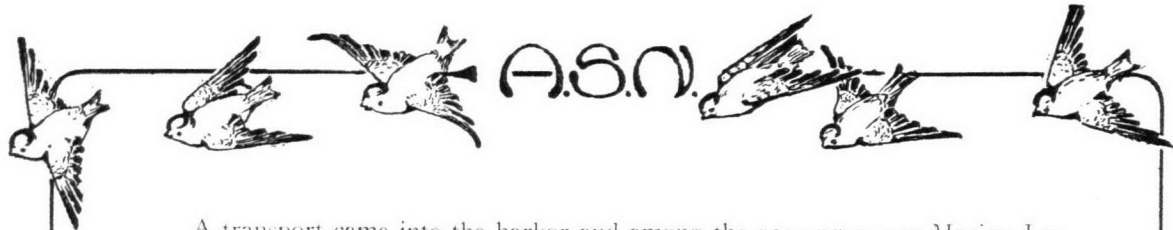
Another old friend is there, but sad to say she is not on duty. A victim of coco-cola psychosis, Prudence Anderson has her own little strong room in "Q" Building. Poor dear, had she remained in single blessedness instead of eloping with the soda-skeet at People's Drug Store she might not have imbibed so freely.

Grand Central station! Red caps bearing luggage. Friends meet. Others part. The Westerners arrive eager to enjoy the wonders of the East. The Easterners as anxiously board the westbound trains. We see a familiar face. It is Helen Walk. The children are safely parked at Miss Stephen's Nursery in Philadelphia while Helen and her husband take a good rest in New York.

Whose is this baggage bearing a foreign stamp? The tall distinctive figure is a prominent Western lawyer. We recognize the frail little woman by his side, her hair now attractively gray, as Billie Howell. Beside them are their oldest twins, William and Wilma. The nursemaid has little Barr and Barrett by the hand. The family are returning to California following a sojourn to their chateau in France.

On the lower level the suburban trains empty their human cargo into the city. A man in clerical attire has come in town to attend a church conference. His wife accompanies him. She makes it a point to take part in church activities but she can't help wishing they would go to see Esther Ransom in Geo. White's "Scandals."

As a matron with five lively children enters the station we recognize Gertrude Pendleton. She has brought the children in town to see the revival of "Peter Pan," with Ruth McGlothlin as Peter.

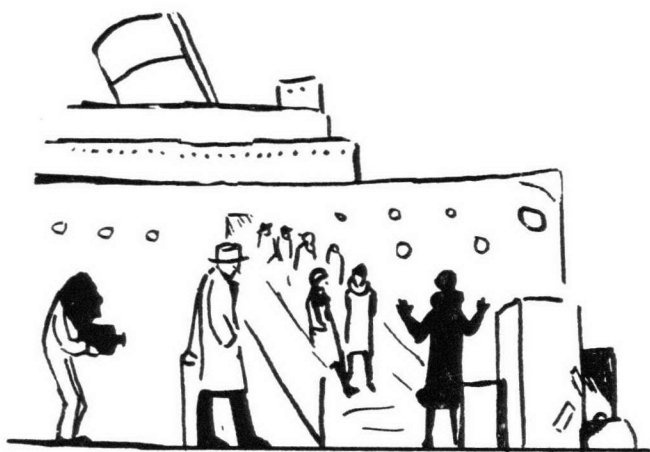


A transport came into the harbor and among the passengers are Marion Lee, Mable Kennedy and Phyllis Lauriat, still faithful to the A. N. C. They have just returned from foreign duty and are met by Miss Eleanor Merrill, reporter for the "Times." Miss Merrill has made quite a name for herself as being able to receive the most detailed information in the shortest space of time.

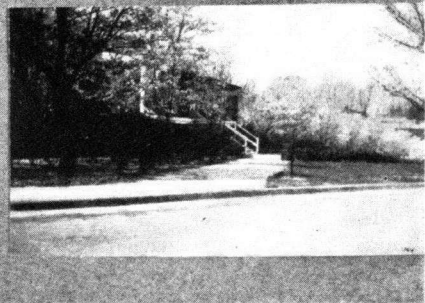
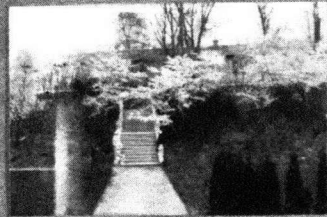
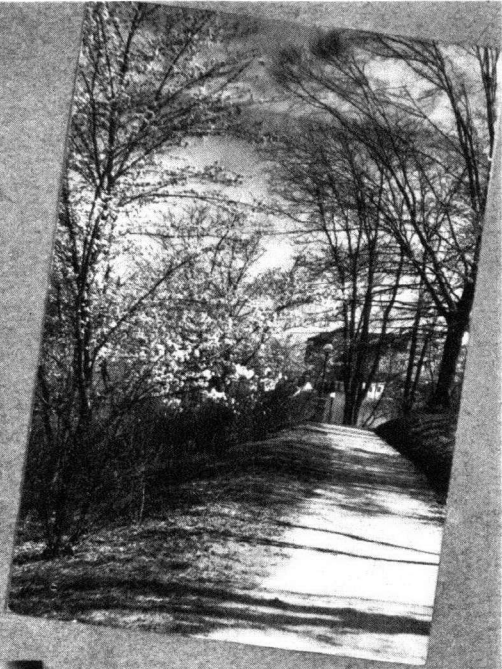
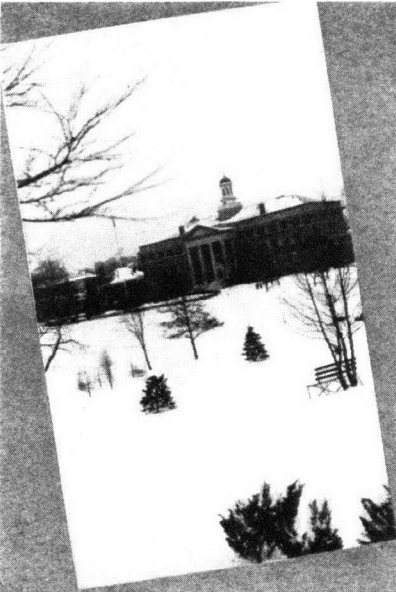
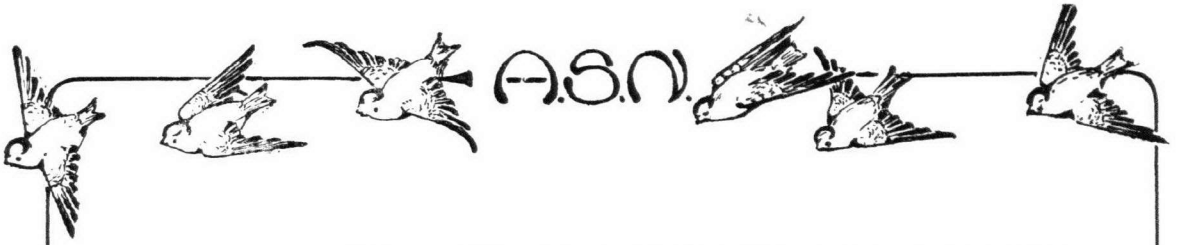
"I'm looking for Mamie Rosser—was Mamie on the ship? Is it true that she is suing the Colonel for divorce and charging Frances Mitchell with alienation of affection? Did he transfer his devotions from the blonde type to the brunette? Do you think it's true that he told her to dye her hair and she preferred giving up the Colonel rather than her golden tresses? Did Frances vamp him because she fed him her diabetic muffins at her famous sanitarium on the Hudson River? I *must* find Mamie—where is she?"

Time will not permit more of Miss Merrill's questions. Let us leave them each to live their own life, so near and yet so far!

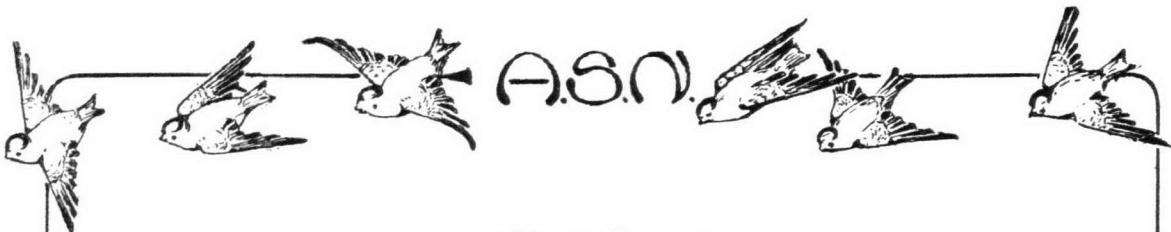
DOROTHY MARLOTTE CONDE, '25.



1925



1925



Class Songs

(To the tune of "Smile the While")

Tho' our blue uniforms are all faded,
And our aprons are worn threadbare, too,
We can't help but cry
When we bid you "Good-bye"
To your memory we'll always be true.

Chorus:

Student days are past and gone, 'tis true,
But we'll ne'er forget the days in blue.
To you we will e'er be true,
Dear old Army School of Nursing,
Sincere thanks we all extend to thee,
As this day we pledge our loyalty,
So count on us in future years,
The class of '25.

Of course, we have all had our troubles,
And we've caused you some worry, no doubt,
But we respect every rule
Of our dear Army School,
And are thankful we weren't turned out!

Chorus:

Student days are past and gone, 'tis true—*etc.*

M. RUTH MCGLOTHLIN, '25.

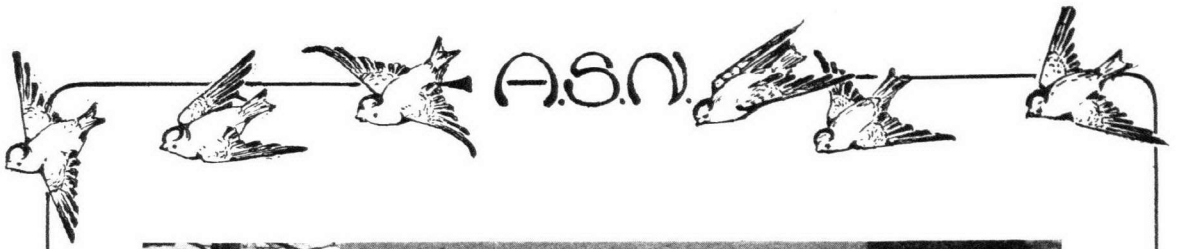


(To tune of "Because They All Love You")

Thy honored name—thy boundless aims,
Thy worthy goal we love;
Your teachings rare have given us share
Life's meaning and God's love.
To thee, then, dear old Army School,
Our voices we would raise;
And ere we leave thy shelter fair,
We'd sing thy worthy praise.

The Stars and Stripes, thy symbol blessed,
We cherish most of all.
As '25 bids thee adieu,
She'll all thy charms recall;
Your lovely seat—dear Walter Reed—
Her gardens fair we keep;
On memory's throne she sits enshrined,
Our beloved Army School.

MARY STECHER, '25



Here and There

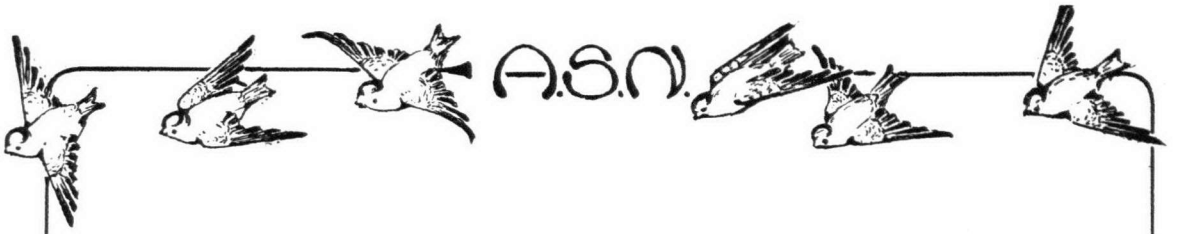
1925

1925



THE FORMAL GARDEN



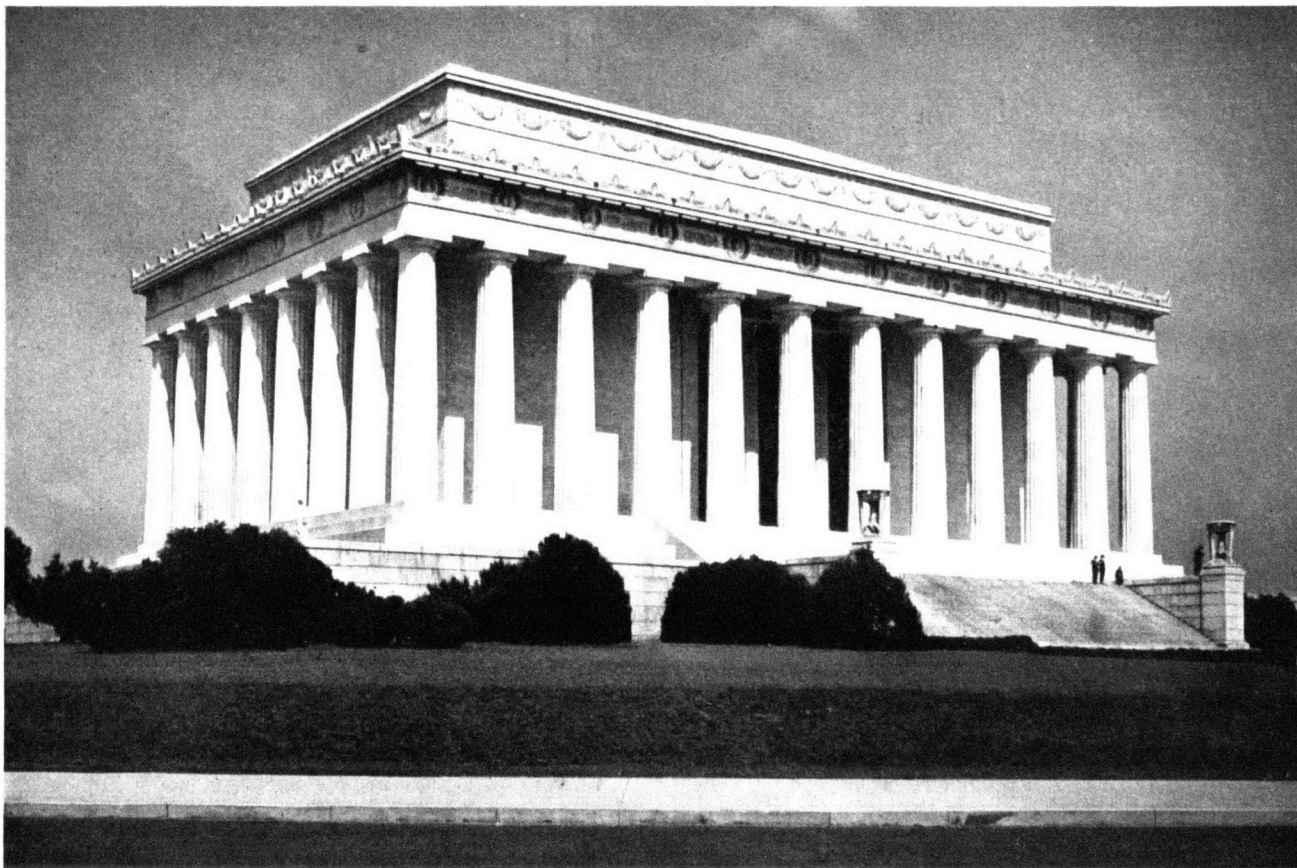


In the Formal Garden at Eventide

In the west a ball of purest gold
Lay centered in an ecstasy of color.
The day was coming to a close,
And in our gardens there reigned
The serenity of a Summer evening.
The roses were folding their petals,
While in the pool, hard by the water played
Softly against the mossy bank.
Shyly stealing on the evening air,
There came sweet sounds of music
Lending themselves to the distant bugle call.
The sun had set—sweet Eventide—
Fair messenger of peace and rest,
Lingered and blessed us while we sat
And listened to the closing strains
Of an evening concert.

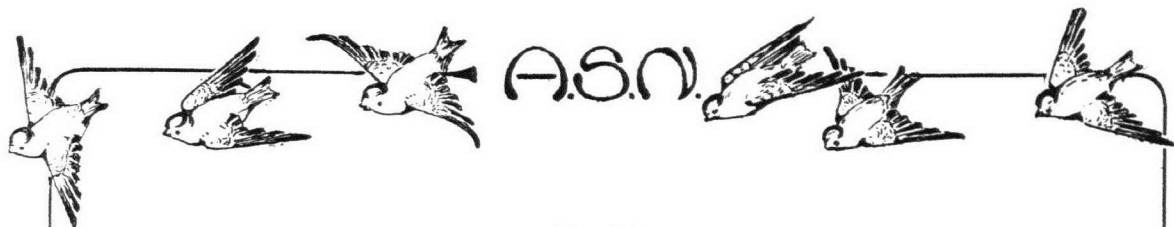
M. S.

1925



LINCOLN MEMORIAL





Service

No matter when or where you start to battle for your own,
You'll find the world is with you, and you will not pull alone;
Don't think you'll never have a chance to put yourself ahead,
Success is right before you, and you are bound to win instead.

For toil which sweats the honest brow is what we honor most
In him, who of the deeds he's done does never brag or boast;
We all know what you have done, and history will hold
A niche for heroes worthy—for the deeds that are untold.

Then when the white of ripe old age creeps o'er your weary head,
The world will reverence you—and bless the worthy life you've led,
For your task will then be over, and the reward of toil well done
You'll find waiting at the goal—Life's battles you have won.

IVY L. THOMASSON, R. N.



Nursing

Yes and-d
You spoke of the world growing better,
And the part that the nurse could play
In keeping the good game going
And helping turn work into play.

Sometimes in the rush of duties,
We forget to play our part,
And we go through a day with a sober face,
When a smile might have cheered some heart.

You speak of wearing "professional smiles";
Well, in some cases they may do.
But to cheer the heart of a lonely lad,
It takes a smile that is true.

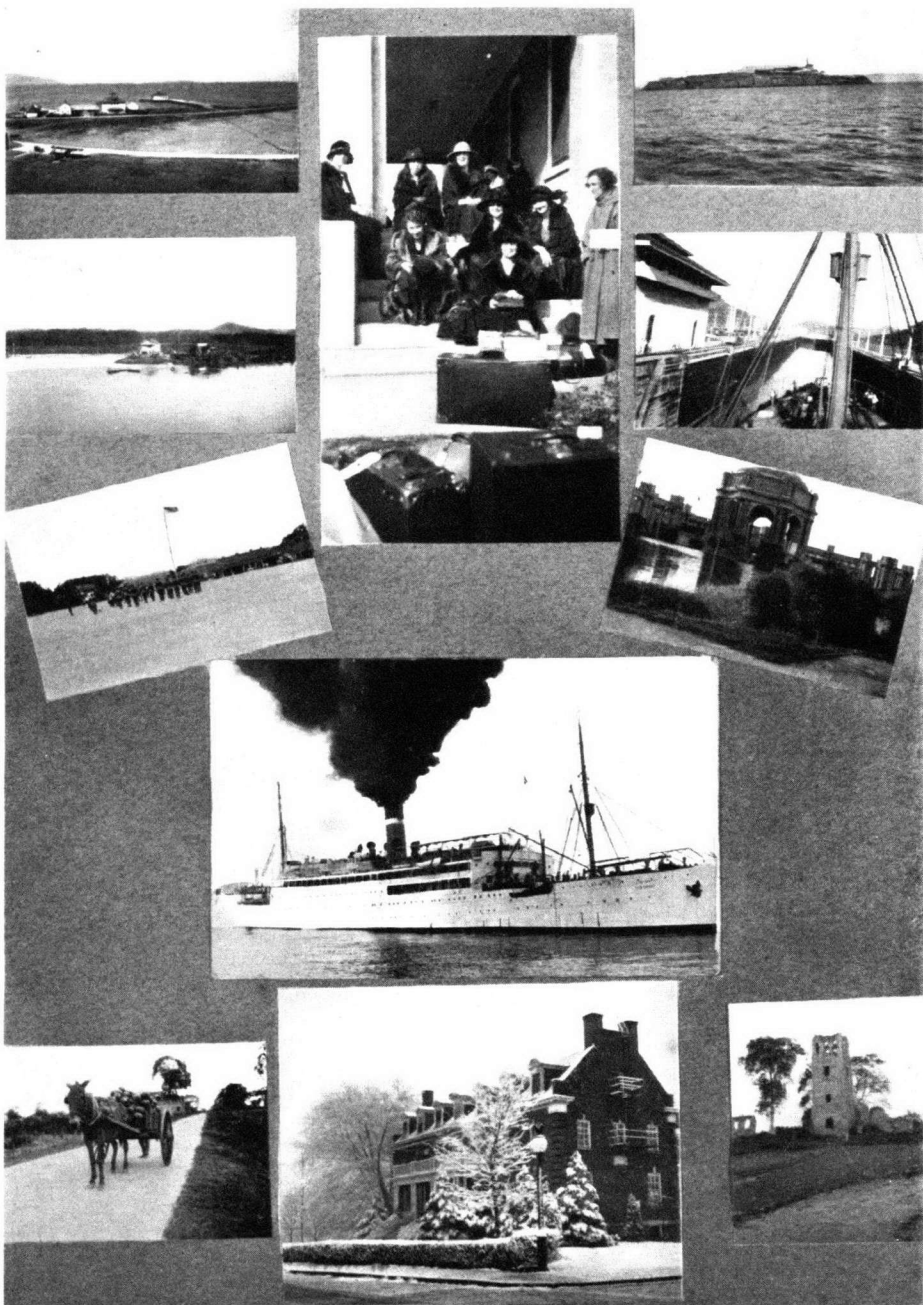
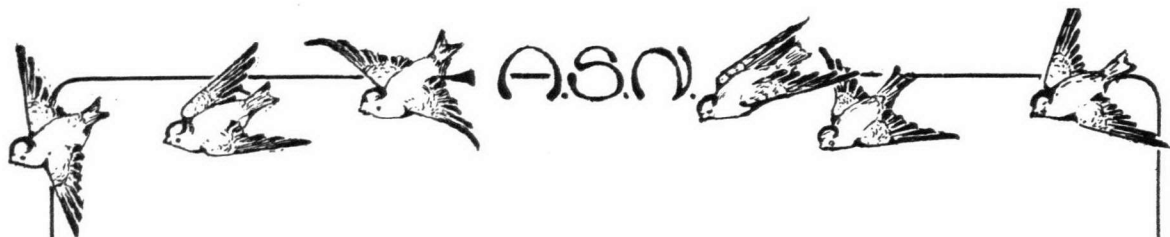
There's more to real nursing than giving the "pills"
Or wearing a dignified air.
If the heart of the nurse is normal and right
There will be real gladness there.

She lives for the joy of living,
And works for the good she can do.
She eases the pain of a lonely heart
By the joy of her life shining through.

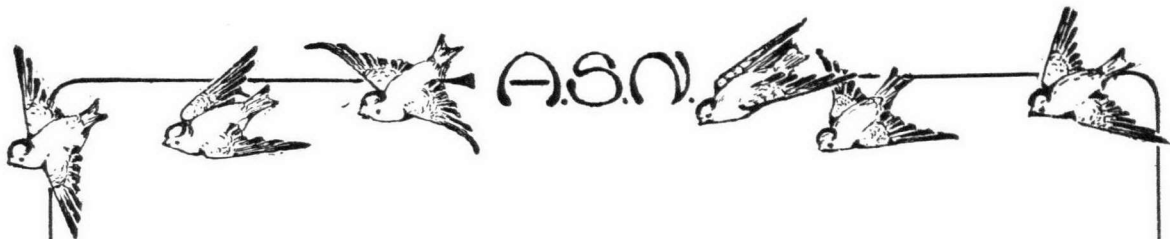
Oh yes! she gets homesick once in a while—
Even the strongest may—
But she brushes the teardrops off her cheeks
And laughs the blues away.

Some people think she never gets tired—
But nurses are human, I guess;
And you, sometime, in place of making more work
Surprise her and make it less.

M. R. McG., '25.



1925



The Big Trip

THE final blow. Midst a mingled feeling of sorrow and gladness, we were off. Never before did the Army Band play "Till We Meet Again" more plaintively. Were you ever so enthused over the new adventures the future was about to bring and so full of tears at leaving old friends and happy surroundings, all at once? That's the way most of us felt when the good ship "Grant" sailed out of the Golden Gate."

The days that followed were filled with many interesting experiences—such a delightfully lazy time. Morning found us lounging luxuriously about the decks, basking in the sunshine and sea breezes, coming more and more under the spell of the blue, blue water all about us. In the afternoon we played bridge or Mah Jongg then loafed a little more. After dinner we walked around the deck many times, indulged in games and dances. One of the greatest pleasures of the trip was the very delightful meals so attractively served. Strange to relate no one "hung over the rail" much after the first day at sea.

Southern waters, a ship, dangerous moon peeking down, soft breezes blowing, men and maids—but then that's another story.

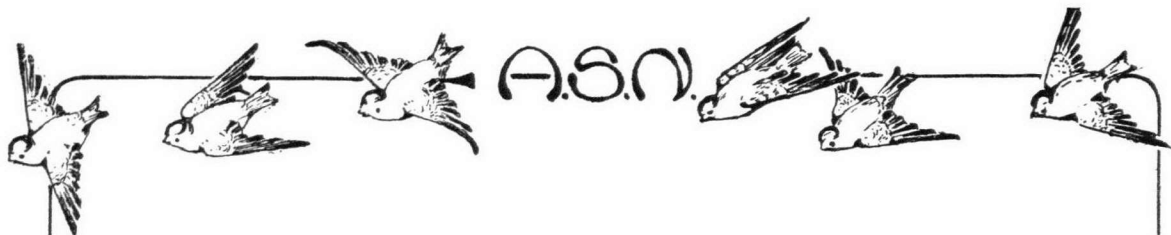
Three days we spent investigating Panama and all her glories of the past and the present. Such a quaint old place full of curious and interesting things. With wide-eyed wonder and amazement we visited the hospitals, schools, shops, hotels, cabarets and clubs. Bargain day at the Palais Royal had nothing on the shops of Panama. Merchants much to their surprise found their wares falling far below the original price. Such merciless shoppers were the Army Girls who managed to get away with a rather expensive vial of French perfume for \$2.98.

Then we set sail once more this time through the famous Panama Canal. So curious were some of us that we slipped up to the boat deck in order that we wouldn't miss a single thing. We didn't—not even a most painful tropical sunburn which temporarily ruined our beauty and for two days kept us under the care of the ship surgeon who smeared us often with much zinc oxide.

As we proceeded up the Atlantic coast our deck pleasures became things of the past. Alas! we had left the warm air and soft breezes of the south. We realized it was winter in the East.

Great "little ole" New York with her gaunt gray sky-scrapers towering above us. Though our hearts sped back over the miles to our beloved Golden Gate we were "kinder" glad to land. The custom officer after making our bags and trunks look like a corner in Grandmother's old "Glory Hole" sent us on our way once more.

The last lap to Walter Reed, this time by rail. What sort of place could it be? How would our classmates in Washington like us? and a hundred other questions kept scurrying through our minds.

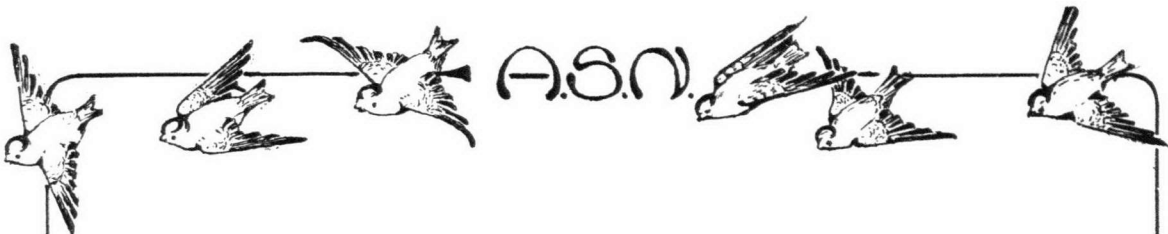


Anatomy, Anatomy, You'll Surely Be The Death of Me

I study long, I study late,
 Yet before exams, I know my fate.
 When I'm in bed and fast asleep
 It seems I hear a stealthy creep,
 And glancing 'round—Oh, awful dread—
 A skeleton is standing near my bed.
 He reaches out and takes my hand—
 My brain ere this has lost command;
 I cannot move, I cannot speak,
 And up my spinal column creep
 A hundred queer sensations. My!
 I cannot breathe, I'll surely die.

Instead, I awake and look around—
 There's not a skeleton to be found.
 But 12 other Probies I can see
 (I hope they are not as scared as me).
 It is no use to stay in bed;
 All hopes of sleep from me have fled.
 I suppose I must go and study "bones,"
 And write four themes and learn peptones.
 Oh! say this life is surely gay,
 We like it better every day.
 Anatomy, if you would pass us by,
 We Probies would want to live—not die.

M. R. McG., '25



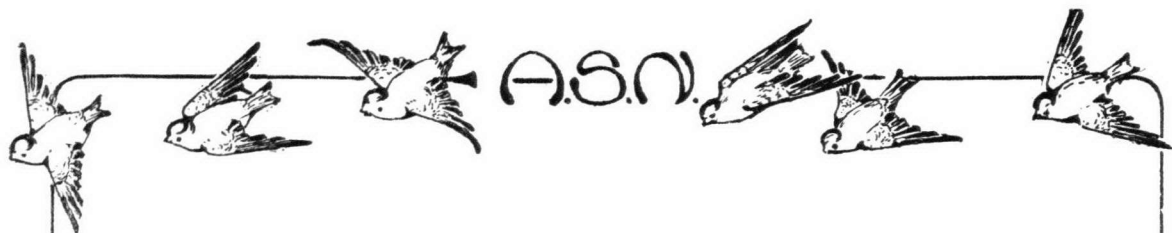
Probationers

Oh! it's great to be a Probie;
The whole school envies us.
We never have to worry
And we never have to fuss.
Our lessons are all perfect???
(If you don't care what you say);
At least we try to get them,
For we study night and day.
We always get up early—
Why we're up before 'tis day!
And if we have our lessons,
We just get up and play!!
We never do have troubles,
We never do feel blue;
And we never do get homesick—
Do you think this is true?
Oh! it's only one sweet dream,
But now we will speak true—
When those exams are over
We may be leaving you!

March, 1925. We're still here.



1925



“Night Duty”

Oh! isn't it strange how the nights pass so slowly?
 Darkness seems loathe to give sunlight her place.
 But sunlight, determined to do her whole duty,
 Marches slowly morningward and then laughs in her face.

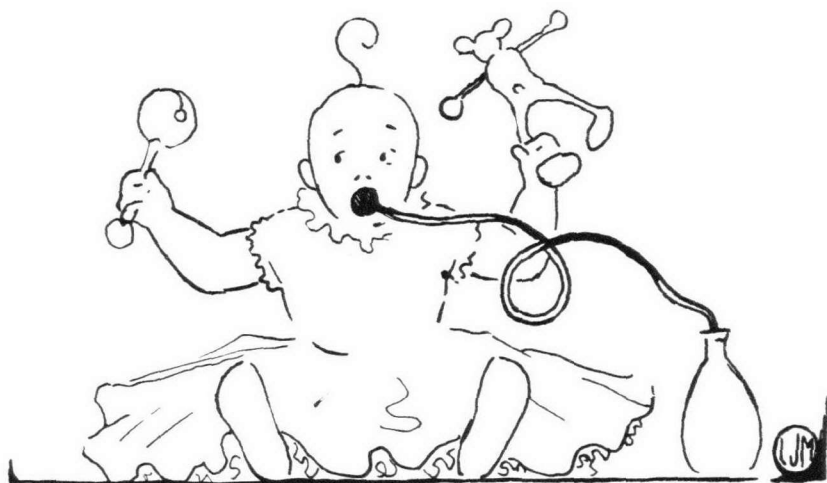
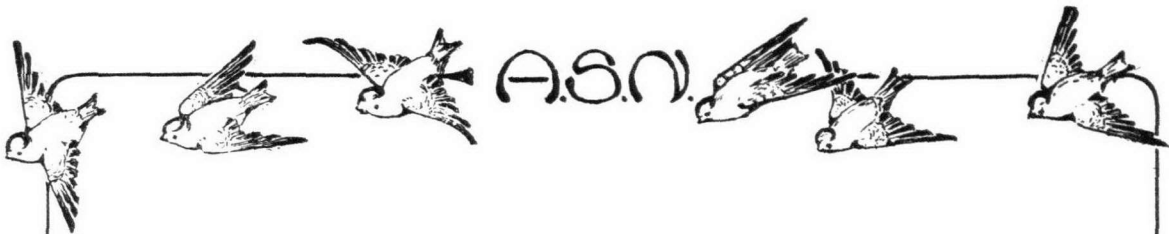
So shall it be, dear, sleepy, night nurses,
 When the first of next month at last rolls around.
 We can laugh at the girls who are facing night duty,
 And who have kept us awake by their laughter unbound.

But shall we repay them for waking us rudely?
 For laughing and chattering as they rush down the hall?
 Ah! no, we would not, for their laughter's soon over
 And night duty will settle o'er them like a pall.

The lips that curve upward will swiftly droop downward,
 The beautiful dimples will vanish, we fear.
 But listen, sad lassies, there's much to be glad for,
 Only thirty short??? nights; then be of good cheer.

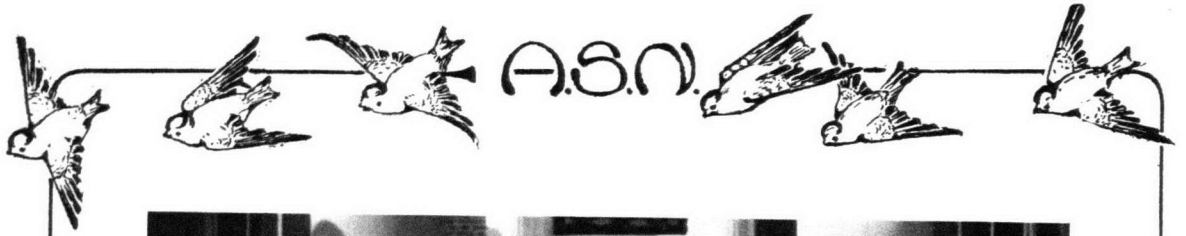
Oh! Night Duty, you will ne'er be forgotten;
 In our graduate days you'll be a memory sweet???
 You'll still be a part of our lives that we cherish,
 Without you our training would be incomplete.

M. R. McG., '25



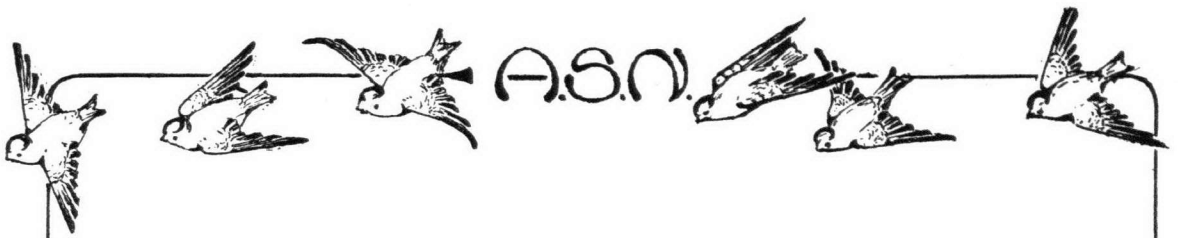
UNDERGRADS

1925



THE CLASS OF 1926

1925

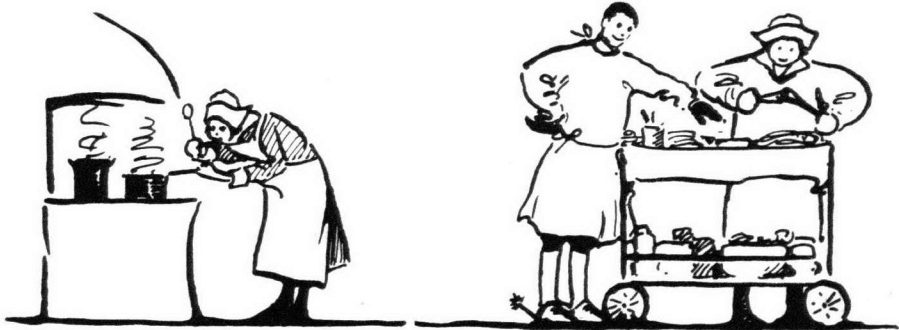


The Second Year

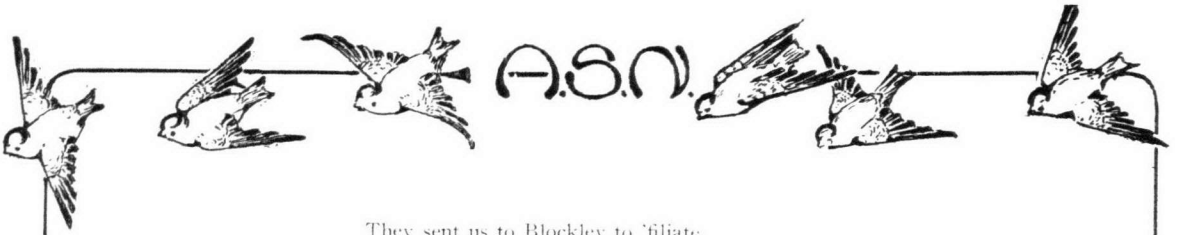
Another year's pretty near finished,
 We've acquired that veteran air.
 Uniforms have acquired some patches,
 And we're nearly all bobbed as to hair.
 Our noses uplifted with hauteur,
 We strut so the Probies can see;
 Though they think that they are "some punkins,"
 They can't hope our equals to be.



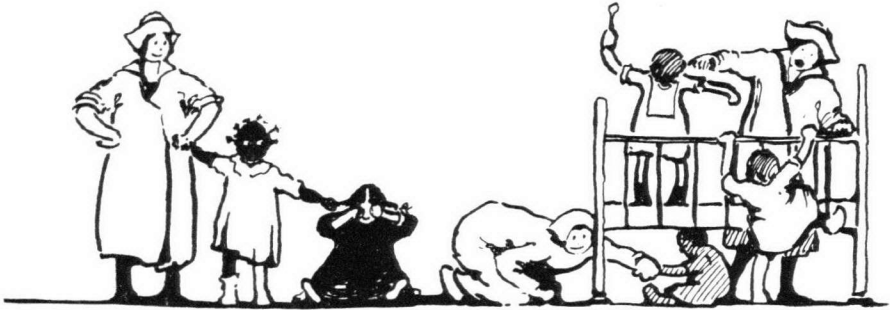
We've fried eggs, scrambled and poached them,
 Poured medicines out by the quart.
 We've worked hard and sure have enjoyed it,
 Trying out the theory THEY taught.
 We've had carts, clinics, mess hall and diets,
 Lectures in all sorts of things.
 Night duty thrilled us to pieces—
 Our second year's flown by on wings.



1925



They sent us to Blockley to 'filiate,
 We bawled as we left Walter Reed;
 'Stead of bugles, we're living by cowbells—
 'Stead of soldiers, it's babies we feed.
 We scrub chilluns, feed chilluns, scold chilluns,
 Bring them up in the way they should go;
 Learn lots, enjoy lots and growl some—
 We have to growl sometimes, you know.



But next year—would you have believed it?
 That three years would draw to an end?
 We'll be SENIORS—and Oh dear, good gracious!
 With fearful things we shall contend,
 Operating Room—knees getting weaker;
 Public Health—has an elegant sound;
 Saint Elizabeth's, too, we have yet to do—
 And then June, '26, will roll around.



1925

1925

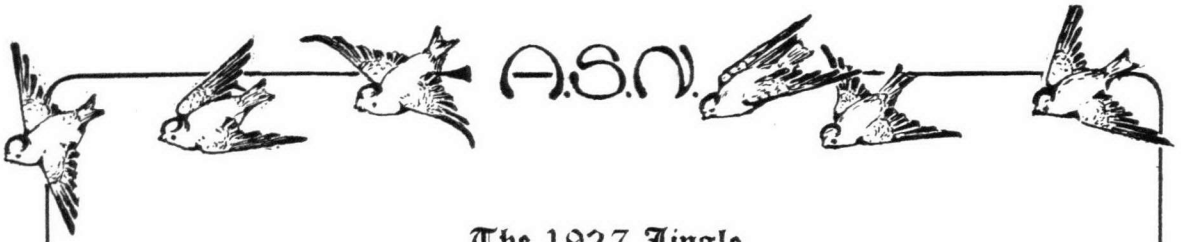


THE CLASS OF 1927



A.S.N.





The 1927 Jingle

OCTOBER 1, 1924—We have arrived in Washington. Goodness gracious, we'll have some fun.

OCTOBER 4—To anatomy, history, and nursing classes. We didn't expect to be such busy lasses. With setting up exercises every morning. We've begun to think our folks will go in mourning. To the post surgeon we must go. For we must be shot for typhoid, you know.

NOVEMBER 24—We got a fine Thanksgiving dinner. For holiday Walter Reed's a winner.

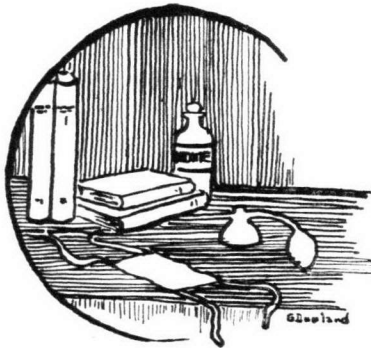
DECEMBER 1—To the unknown world of wards we go; eager to learn but withal quite slow.

DECEMBER 19—Classes for the year are done. Eight hour duty's not such fun. Getting our cap's our greatest worry. My but we think we are the berries.

JUNE 29—Since we've been here, we've learned queer things. One of them is—Miss Tobin likes rings. We'd think this place resembled Heaven. If Miss Staple's clock stopped at a quarter of seven.

MARCH 1—The new probationers have come, now we no longer feel so dumb.

—LOTTIE MURRAY.





1925

1925



THE 1928 CLASS





Class of 1928

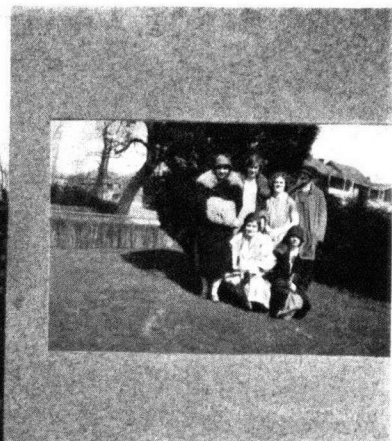
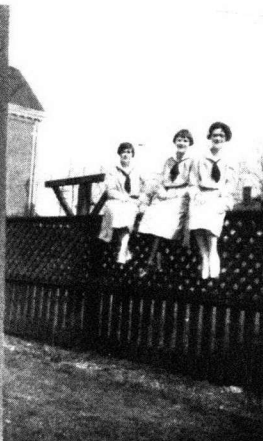


OUR BIRTHDAY is March 2, 1925, and our ruling planet Mars—a symbol of courage and success, which cheers us onward, for we find this making of history a task of the great magnitude.

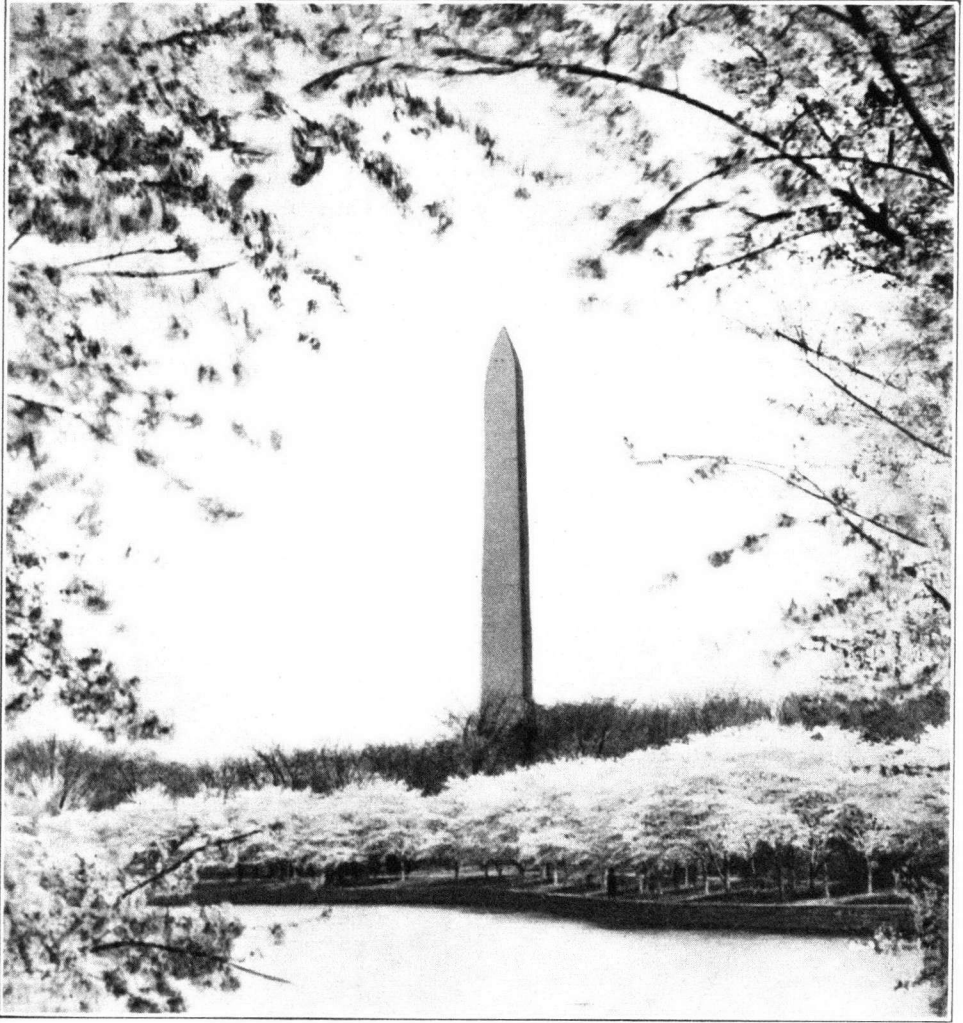
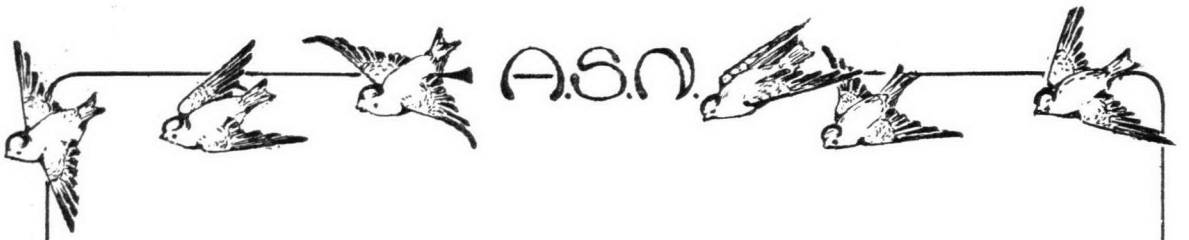
In our cradle, Quarters Seven, we have lived, neither more or less quietly than other infants, with dreams perhaps disturbed by hybrid phantasmagoria of anatomy, cooking utensils, chemistry and long curls of white gauze. Possibly we have wished sadly that we possessed that infantile characteristic of being agreeable and efficient by simply saying “Goo-goo” and “Wah-wah.” However, we are beginning to feel that soon we will grow out of the first of our seven ages and even make a feeble attempt to leave a footprint in the sands of Walter Reed.

After three months our spirit is eager and our shield polished, while each day long vistas of new worlds to be conquered are revealed to us. Waterloos may be our common lot, but even these will not be without gain, for knowledge is worth its price. Since our first birthday a momentous thing has come to pass, and whatever our differences before we are now, Hope-10, Courage-10, Vigor-10—just thirty-in-one.

BESSIE GRAY, '28.

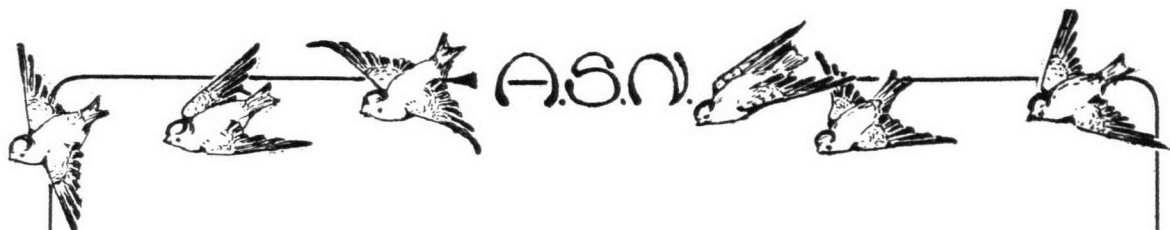


1925



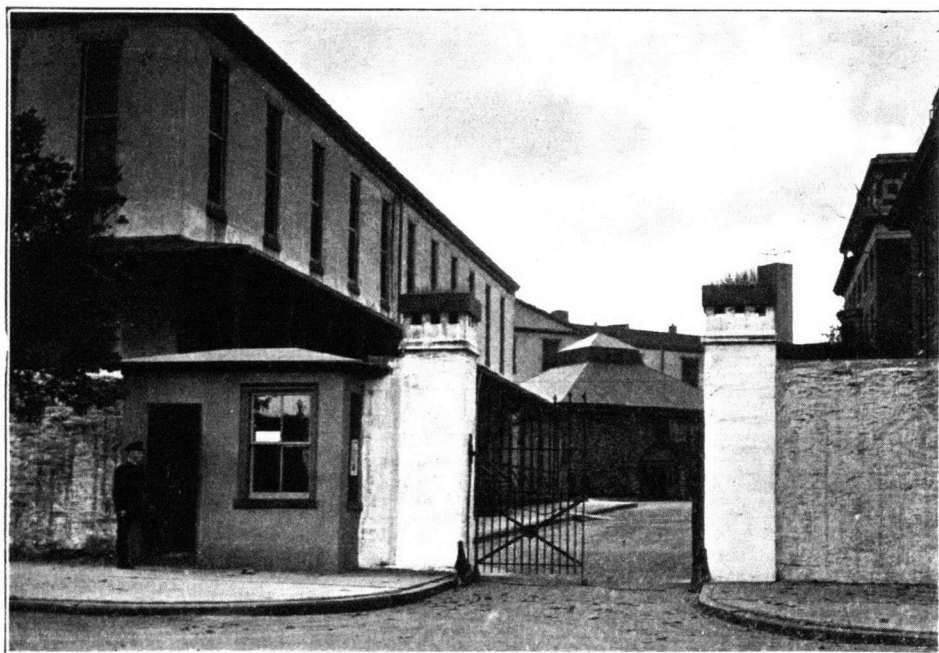
THE MONUMENT IN CHERRY BLOSSOM TIME

1925



Affiliations

1925



CLINIC GATE

1925



Philadelphia General Hospital

ALL through early student days we listened with awe to the tales of "Blockley" from the seniors and intermediates, who had been there. The stories of nights on Maternity, emergencies on D. O. W. and days with the babies in "Children's" filled us with admiration for the girls who had met and coped with the things they described and at the same time caused us not a few secret misgivings as to our own ability.

Time passed and we were about to embark on the great adventure. With Miss Stimson's wise counsel fresh in our minds, we climbed into the waiting ambulances and waved sad farewells to our supervisors, as we rolled down the drive and turned toward town.

We were kindly received by Miss Clayton and after a few words with her we were conducted to our respective wards. Tongues flew in Army Alley that night as we gave the "latest" from Walter Reed to our classmates, who had preceded us and listened with added interest to their exchange of the day's happenings. As we went to bed we sorely missed the friendly notes of the bugle which were replaced by the roar of trains and their long, shrill whistles.

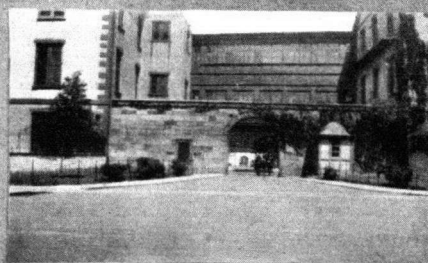
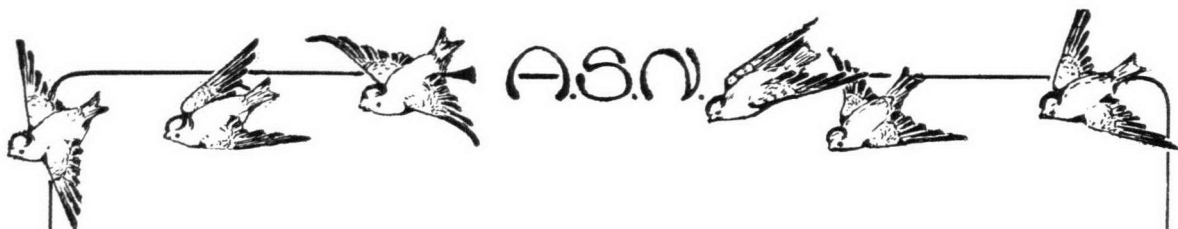
In a few days we were adjusted to our new surroundings and were giving our opinions on certain cases like veterans. While on duty we learned to shower thirty youngsters in as many minutes, struggled with the "nurse's record" sheets, learned to talk to the internes, about our patients without getting "Honorary M. D.'s," learned to "set up" the delivery room in less time than it takes to tell about it, and became familiar with many new terms, such as "A. C. R. P." and "Hypodermocclisis," etc. These were only a few of the facts we absorbed. During the hours off, we were often seen in the Waffle Shop, near by, barking to the voice of the "inner man." As the winter blasts gave way to the gentle breezes of April we spent many of our precious hours, sitting on the steps down by the railroad track, watching the trains, walking in the University gardens or planning "P. M." boat trips to Wilmington.

Our time was so occupied that it fairly took wings and bore us quickly to our last services. Although some of the work had been harder than we had known at home, it was so very interesting and the friendships we formed so pleasant, that we were not nearly so overjoyed to hear Miss Herwig say, "Your affiliation is completed today," as we had expected to be.

Our grateful thoughts often go back to Miss Clayton for her interest in us and for her helpful conferences with us, to Miss Krumbine for her lessons in technique on maternity, to Miss Fawcett for her friendly guidance at "Children's" and to Miss Hutchinson for her shining example in lessons of patience and kindness. We also like to remember the fellowships of the many student nurses with whom we worked.

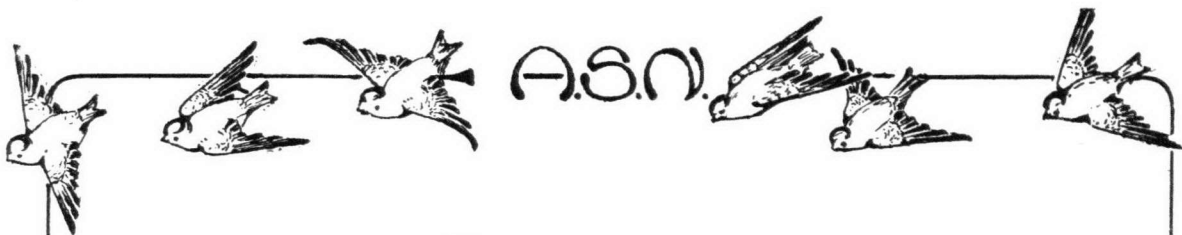
And so it was with mingled emotions that we gave our places in Army Alley and the wards of Blockley to other young A. S. N. hopefuls, and boarded one of the trains we had watched so often to come home.

M. F. MITCHELL, '25.



VIEWS OF "BLOCKLEY"

1925



Children's Hospital



CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL, which stands out in the new era of pediatrics, as the second institution to be created in the United States where children alone are treated, dates back, in its present status to 1915. As a hospital, however, its history began in the post-Civil War days of 1870, and in its long career it has been the scene of countless experiments and developments in the world of surgery and nursing. In 1891 it was combined with Columbia Hospital for women, and maintained that connection until it was made an institution for the exclusive care of children. The building, on W Street, between 12th and 13th, has been given the most modern equipment.

Into it each year are brought some 25,000 children, tortured by all manner of diseases and afflictions, to be made well and strong. The rich and the poor, the adorable baby and the ugly duckling, all share the sanctuary of its walls, for it is a charity as well as a private hospital.

Nobly "Children's" answers every demand. She welcomes all the afflicted tots brought to her; understandingly she offers them her best—the services of her well trained doctors and nurses without stint.

There are many outstanding features in the training school of such a hospital. The knowledge gained there produces some veritable wizards in child psychology. And memories of our days there will always bring us cheer.

There was, for instance, the never-ending and never-settled argument as to the relative merits of the schools at Children's, Gallinger, Garfield, George Washington, Homopathic, Walter Reed, and St. Elizabeths. Walter Reed was usually in the forefront, due to the clever arguing of the Misses Reed, Burkhart and Nowinski. The Misses Donald and Duncan ably defended Gallinger, Miss Shafer dwelt on George Washington's "priceless" equipment, and Miss Ball occasionally, but effectively, upheld Garfield.

Nor shall we forget the shock that came to us when we learned there would be no p. m.'s for us. P. m.'s, we were told, belonged to the days of luxury back in Walter Reed.

How many times we have hastened from 14th and U Streets, with the clock registering dangerously near 9 p. m., only to arrive outside in time to hear the door banged ahead of us, and thereby lose our one bit of joy for the week,—the late leave.

Then there was our many contributions to equipment to replace that mysteriously broken—thermometers, Dakin syringes, etc., etc., and Taylor went so far as to donate a beautiful full-size double-boiler to modernize the kitchen equipment.

Despite our quiet demeanor, we can still hear Doctor Crawford's booming voice exclaim, "What's the matter with them? Have them hush up at once."

And charts? Yes, we did most of them. The A. S. N. didn't mind at all

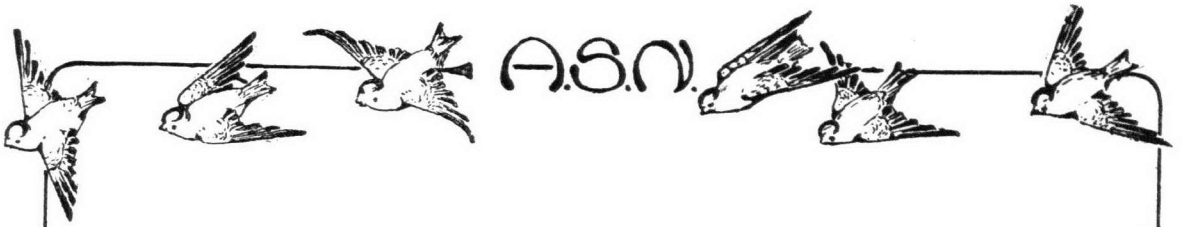
coming on at 6 p. m., and in leisure hours between 22 feedings, writing up the morning nurses' charts.

Then, finally, there are the memories of night duty on C. What a duty! Treatments and meditations were enough, but the preparation of night suppers for the specials, while baby patients wailed, all combined to make nightmares of the nights.

When telegrams, long-distance calls, and visitors were classified as disturbing elements, no more to be indulged in, the tidings brought to us again, and intensified, the longing to be back in dear old Walter Reed.

ANNIE M. TAYLOR.





Columbia Hospital



COLUMBIA HOSPITAL, an attractive structure situated on 2400 L Street, N. W., Washington; within its portals I spent three months of affiliation. One month in the delivery ward, one month on floor duty, and one month in the nursery where the wee passengers landed day after day from the unknown mystery ship. I often wondered what the future held in store for them. The little flowerlike faces, the soft, white skin which one would love to touch. I fed them, clothed them and washed them from morning to night; but oh! they were thankless passengers! They howled and yelled no matter what I did for them. Forsake? No, I did not forsake them, for whom knows their little hearts may have had troubles of their own.

My second month spent in the delivery room was somewhat different work. When my patient reached the hour of her agonizing travail, I sat beside her, cooled her fevered brow, I treated her as a mother treats her child, for her life seemed to me one endless, living death. "Oh, God!" she cried, "how long, how long." Then the doctor, with a question here and a question there, made diagnosis plain, for he covered her face and told her to take long, deep breaths. Soon the ether to sweet slumber led her, for the sufferer lay peacefully asleep. I blessed the newborn babe's first breath, and I closed their eyes when they were still in death.

The third month was spent on floor duty where I watched my patients pilgrimage from bed to chair, an old, old adventure to me, but a new one to them. I took their temperatures, I passed out pills and tried to remedy their numerous ills. They bothered the doctor, they scolded me, while I with many footsteps their perfect comfort sought. During the night I glided softly through the halls, my duties were great and my hours were long. In my spare moments I wrote on their charts, things they were not supposed to see, of their temperatures, pills, and doctors visits, with a brief review of the day. I arose when a light went on, and kept smiling when asked the time in the dead of the night.

Now, my comrades dressed in blue,
These simple words I'll say to you,
"Cheer up! don't be sad,
"After all it's not so bad
To be here in training you will see."

M. C. R.



NURSES' HOME, ST. ELIZABETHS HOSPITAL

St. Elizabeths

IT IS with pleasure we recall the delightful and instructive period of two months at St. Elizabeths Hospital for the mentally ill. I say period instead of course, for a course could last forever and then not be completed as psychiatry is such a broad study, as it includes almost all of the ills that beset man.

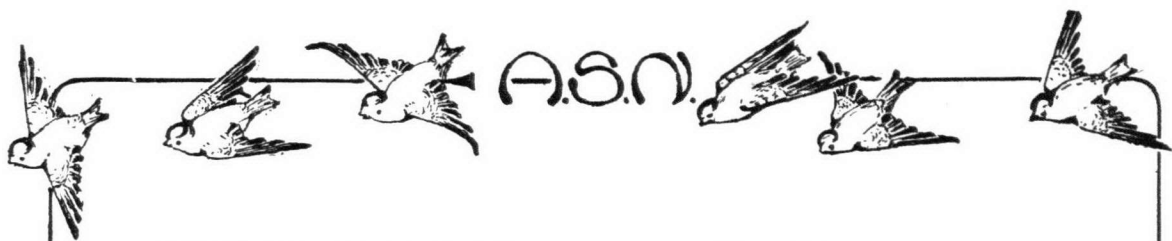
It seemed very strange at first not to have the regular ward routine to perform but merely to observe. However, in true Army style we were soon very much at home. Hours on duty at St. Elizabeths included taking patients to the movies, dancing with them (fancy that!) and accompanying them to chapel. The services were a great comfort to such of the patients as could go to them and seemed to brighten the time in confinement.

Our opportunities for studying "human behavior" were unlimited, as so many of these patients are without the wall of defense which normal minds build by suppressing many impulses which with these people have free expression. We were always trying to find examples of the types so well described to us by Doctor Lewis and Dr. Richmond. Doctor Noyes' classes in which histories were read, followed by the introduction of the patient concerned, left us with many valuable lessons we shall not soon forget.

As the curfew rang at 10 o'clock our chief off-duty pastimes were bridge, dancing at the Red Cross House or Hitchcock Hall, where we joined in the square dances with our patients, and going out "home" occasionally to see "the kids," and get the "latest" at Walter Reed.

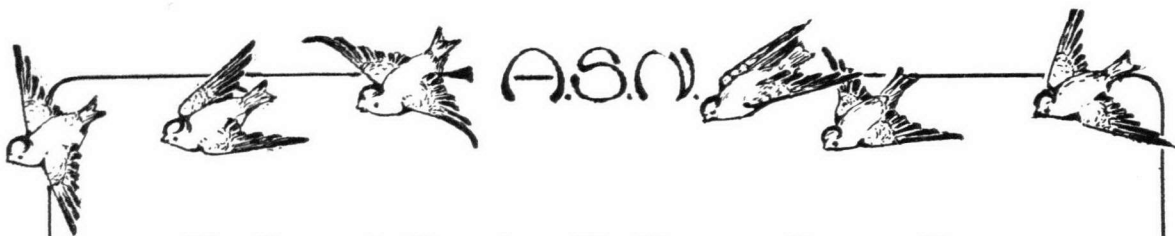
Our work was made pleasant there by the cordial hospitality shown us by everyone. To Miss Vaughn goes our appreciation and to all the doctors and nurses with whom we worked, many thanks for sixty enjoyable days at St. Elizabeths.

ELEANOR MERRILL.



Across The River

1925



A Formal Evening At Henry Street House

LOOKING for Henry Street House, Miss?" I turned and saw a pair of typical "Eastsiders" touching their caps, caps with a wide shield in front, pulled at an angle over their faces. "Yes, indeed," I said, after giving them a quick surveying glance and noticing nothing disquieting, I stopped.

"Oh, we can show you. We know Miss Wald, everybody down here knows her, and we can tell the strangers that are looking for the 'House.'"

It was dark and gloomy in that section of New York, and almost oppressingly quiet. For once the streets were deserted. Children, peddlers and pushcarts had vanished. That seething, noisy atmosphere, the bewildering confusion of day-time traffic and hand to hand trade, the litter and refuse in the streets, even the many cats and dogs of lowly pedigree, all that which so typifies the Lower East-side was absent. This was my first venture at night into the mazes of those densely populated streets, and the effect was decidedly different.

It was Thanksgiving night. Miss Lillian D. Wald had graciously extended an invitation to us. Miss Peacock and I had accepted, and I was on my way to the "House." By mistake I had gotten off the bus two or three blocks out of the way and was trying to recollect the exact location when the two young East-side men volunteered to guide me to the Settlement House.

"She is a great lady," one of them continued, "guess you know her well, even better than we do," he added, growing confidential.

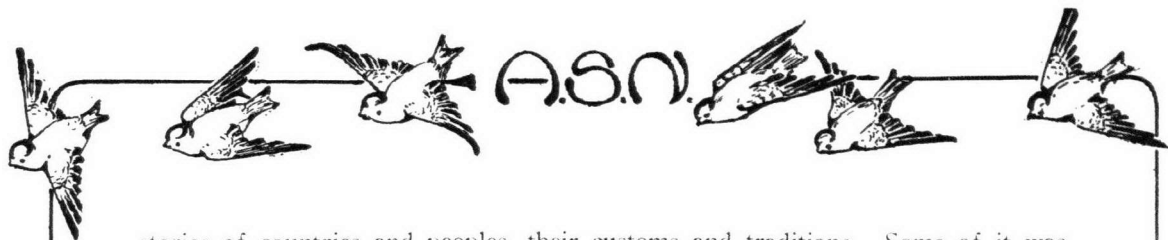
"You must be one of them nurses, too, ain't you, Miss? Are you working in the field 'uptown,' in the Harlem section perhaps, or where?" Evidently I did not belong to the downtown district.

I did not mind their apparent familiarity. They knew Miss Wald, the Settlement House, and had "guessed" (Heaven knows by what!) that I was one of "them nurses" too. They showed me, as we continued walking along, such courtesies as are "de rigueur" down there, leading me by my elbow from one corner of the street to the other, helping me up and down the curbs.

"You will meet some swell folks there tonight, a real Russian Princess will be there," my informant continued, using the "Foist" Avenue dialect, and chewing gum vigorously.

"You seemed to be well informed," I remarked. Their faces broadened into an affirmative self-satisfied smile. By this time we had arrived in front of Henry Street House. I thanked them for their assistance. They touched their caps again and wished me a grand time at the party.

The House is quaint; among the tenements it stands out for its superior lines and construction, and then there is a certain air about it that gives it distinction. Inside an Old World atmosphere seems to prevail—touches of Eastern Europe, mostly Russian. One feels strangely comfortable. Russian brasspieces and other decorations, old prints, artful and odd, all about the rooms and mantelpieces, tell



stories of countries and peoples, their customs and traditions. Some of it was bizarre, some semi-oriental in effect. In keeping with the day and the occasion Thanksgiving decorations were all over the House.

The rooms were already filled with guests, and still they continued coming, being introduced to each other, conversing with each other. To my own surprise I happened to be there exactly three-fourths of a minute before Gladys Peacock arrived—arrayed in furs, georgette-crepe and beads. It was truly a formal affair, most of the guests being in decollete, some in simpler gowns and styles.

We were waiting for Miss Wald to appear, and then there was that "real" Russian Princess to meet, as my obliging escorts had informed me. The guests were interesting to watch—the different types, the different accents and inflections of voices, their facial expressions and change, and their mannerisms. Some were interesting because of their immobility of features. These types are beautiful, their Eastern calm is fascinating; something always seems to lie smouldering beneath it. The guests strangely fitted into the atmosphere of the place.

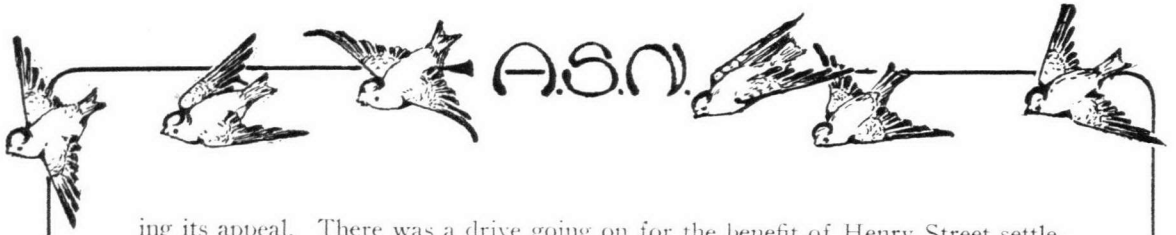
There was a slight stir. Conversation was interrupted for a moment. Miss Wald—autocrat, democrat, the ruler of Henry Street House—had made her entrance, bearing the unmistakable air of a cosmopolitan. She smilingly and graciously welcomed us and soon we were all seated at our respective tables.

Dinner was served by young girls and men in Puritan costumes. There was the usual variety of courses and dishes, also a punch and cider with real taste and flavor. Conversation was animated. Guests became better acquainted as the dinner progressed. At our own table Gladys Peacock, from London, England, soon had everybody laughing and listening to her sophistications and post-war vocabulary.

We were just sipping our after dinner coffee when Miss Wald leaned over and smilingly inquired if anyone knew the date, or year, of the very first Thanksgiving dinner. The Russian Princess had asked the question, and true and sad enough none of the good Americans and patriots present were able to enlighten the ex-royalty, nor themselves, offhand.

"Fourteen ninety-two," I said carelessly, thinking of Columbus and the Pilgrim Fathers' landing as one event, and causing no end of mirth and laughter. A guest arose and begged to be excused; he was a man of deed and action and wanted to consult his dictionary (being a cross-word-puzzle-fiend). Thus it happened that we all, Lillian D. Wald, the Princess, the many good Americans present, as well as Gladys Peacock and myself, learned that evening that the first Thanksgiving Day was celebrated in 1621.

There was to be dancing after dinner for those so inclined, and others went to see an act or two at the Neighborhood Playhouse where the "Grandstreet Follies" were having such a phenomenal success. The supervisor of my district, Miss Peacock, and I went over to the playhouse, which, like Henry Street House, is one of the landmarks of the Lower Eastside. During the intermission a Henry Street nurse gave a speech from the stage, clever and witty, and not miss-



ing its appeal. There was a drive going on for the benefit of Henry Street settlement, and the crowd, in a holiday mood, responded most generously. These people are proud of Henry Street House and do not forget the good and help that has always gone out from there to the poor and suffering ones—"regardless of creed, color and race."

When we returned to the reception, most of the guests were leaving, so we, too, wished our hostess "good night."

Out in the darkness we went, looking for the bus that brings one to the subway station. There Gladys Peacock and I separated for different directions. "Good bye," she said, using one of her original "affectionate" French expressions, for which, "Allah be praised," there is no literal translation possible. Her typical laughter rang out. I watched her disappear. The Broadway express thundered into the station; I boarded it and was soon a way uptown.

It had been a very interesting evening. My thoughts went back to my first American Thanksgiving party, some years ago, out in Scutary, at the American College. Varied had been my paths since then. The war lay between. Oceans I had traversed. A far step indeed from that Thanksgiving Day and dinner in Asia Minor to a similar celebration at the famous Henry Street House on the Lower Eastside of New York City.

E. LE MENS, '25

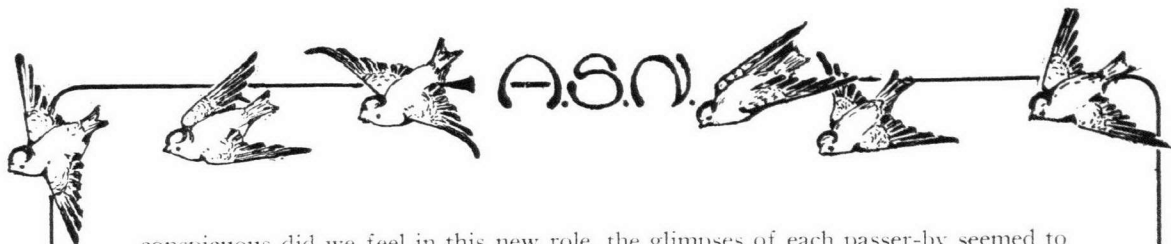
Public Health Nursing Washington, D. C.

IN FEBRUARY 15th ten very unassuming civilian girls left Walter Reed for 1105 Pennsylvania Avenue. Underneath our masks of serenity were sensations not unlike those of an explorer, for we were going to a new field.

We arrived at the Center and were greeted by Miss Rood and Miss Logan who gave us a few preliminary instructions, to say nothing of blue coats and velour hats sizes and sizes too large. The coats dragged the ground and the hats looked like umbrellas on the smaller of the group.

Six of us were sent to the main office in uniform—the smallest ones looking like stepchildren, the taller ones looking very professional. Here we were sent out with the staff nurses to learn the technique. It was a very interesting experience to observe.

The next day we actually started the work all by ourselves. And after a week of substitute we were given districts all our very own. Though our dear little black bags filled our hearts with joy by night they filled our arms with aches. So



conspicuous did we feel in this new role, the glimpses of each passer-by seemed to ask, "Book agent or soap peddler?"

On Mondays and Saturdays we were out in the field all day, but the other days when the troubles of the morning weighed heavy on us we could anticipate classes from three to five. To some of us this meant a delicious little snooze which occasionally was disturbed by an especially interesting lecturer.

Friday afternoons were devoted to excursions to various places of interest which influenced some particular part of our work.

We were fortunate in having our lectures given us by men and women not only prominent in activities of the day but who are living and making history. Our supervisors were kind and patient and most helpful to us.

One month of the course was devoted to social case work with the Associated Charities. Each of us had our experiences being detectives, mothering pickaninnies, escorting wayward children to court and clinics. Some were indeed so wayward that they entirely disappeared just as we would get them in the doctor's office or courtroom.

A week with the Child Welfare Association and a week with the School Nurses was given us. It seemed good to find that there were so many really well, healthy, happy babies and schoolchildren.

And now as our time with the Instructive Visiting nurses draws to a close the last colors are added which completes the picture of our very happy three years in training.

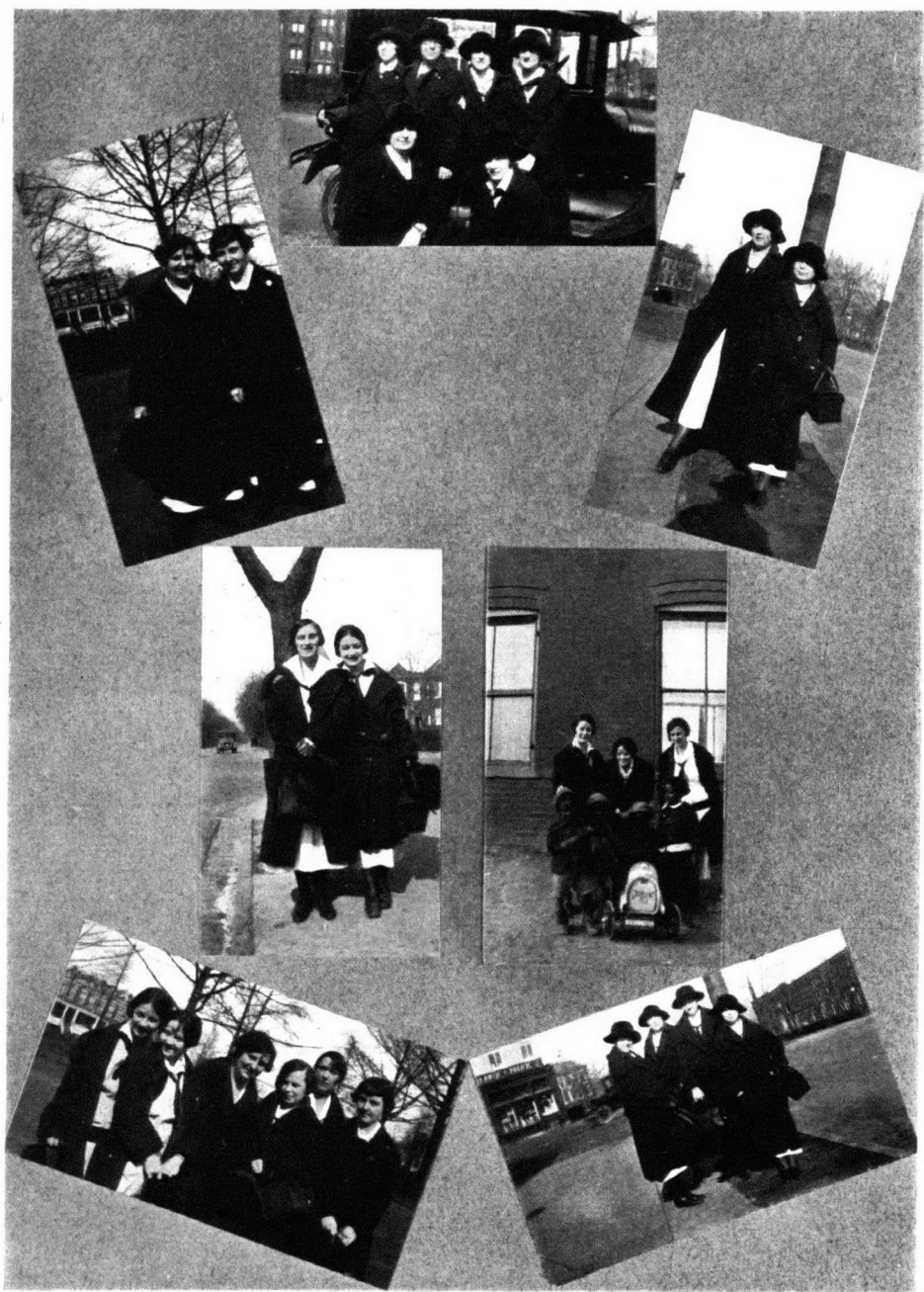
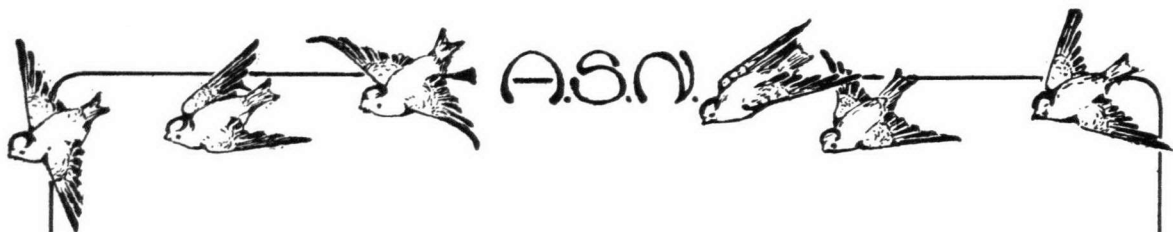
PRISCILLA VINCENT, '25.

A Love Story

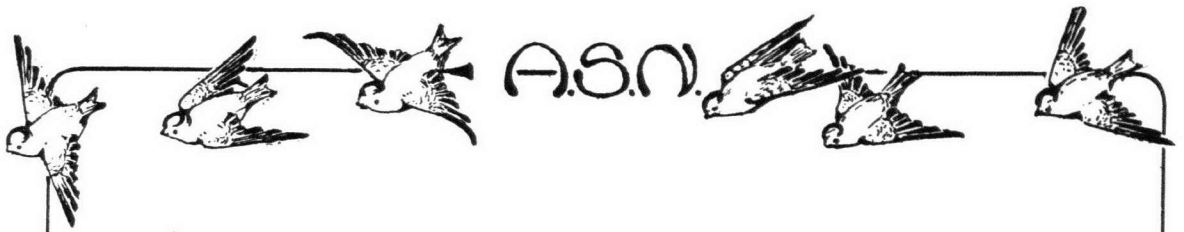
By the shores of Therapeutics,
By the sparkling sterile water,
Lived Morphia, born of Opium.
Digitalis was her lover,
Also loved by Empyema,
Son of Pleurisy and Lobar,
Of the tribe of the Pneumonias.
Through the enzymes strolled the lovers;
Through the Protein fields they wandered.

"Oh, my darling little Morphia,"
Were the words of Digitalis,
"Salvarsan cannot part us,
Nor Benzine our love remove.
Oh, my little anaesthetic,
Will you be my respiration?"

D. M. C., '25.



1925



DO YOU REMEMBER——

- When K. C. played Sherlock on the second floor?
- When Conde and Billie Williams went to throw a cocoa-stained rug in the bathtub and Rans was already there?
- When Cary tried Dakins as a cosmetic?
- When Conde recited on muscles, explaining with care that they were there, even if you couldn't see them?
- The day K. C. didn't break anything in the operating room?
- When Mitch broke the bank?
- When Billie and Conde had Miss Deisen take the a. m. report to the training school office for them?
- When Nowinski tried to find an elastic retractor?
- When Dolan lost the glass eye?
- When Andy squirted glycothymoline in Major Kirk's eye instead of his throat?
- Willie had the mumps? If you don't maybe Corporal Lee does?
- "The Steps" at Blockley?
- When Major Spaeth fell of the windowsill into the bucket?
- Or when he tried to talk to a patient under a general anaesthetic?
- Your first day in the eye clinic—or any day for that matter?
- The Moon on the Panama Bay?
- The Palace of Many Arts?
- When a doctor asked for a graduate to measure something and the charge nurse was brought in?
- The Waffle Shop?
- Maggie in Lilly Lott's black hat?
- The first time you fried steaks for forty?

1925



CHRISTMAS EVE

1925



COMMANDING OFFICERS' QUARTERS, ARMY MEDICAL CENTER

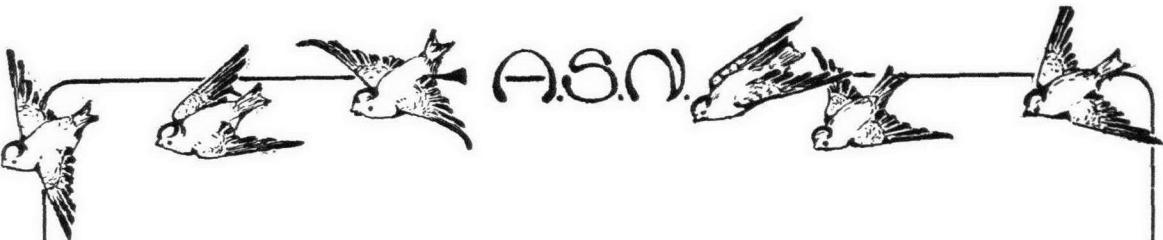


1925



NURSES' QUARTERS NUMBER ONE, ARMY MEDICAL CENTER

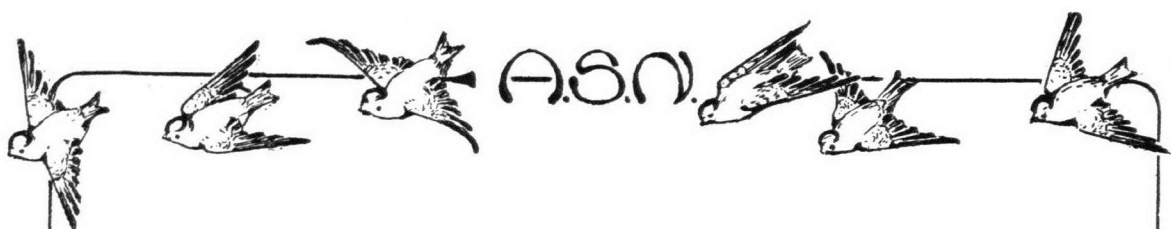




AT · EASE ·



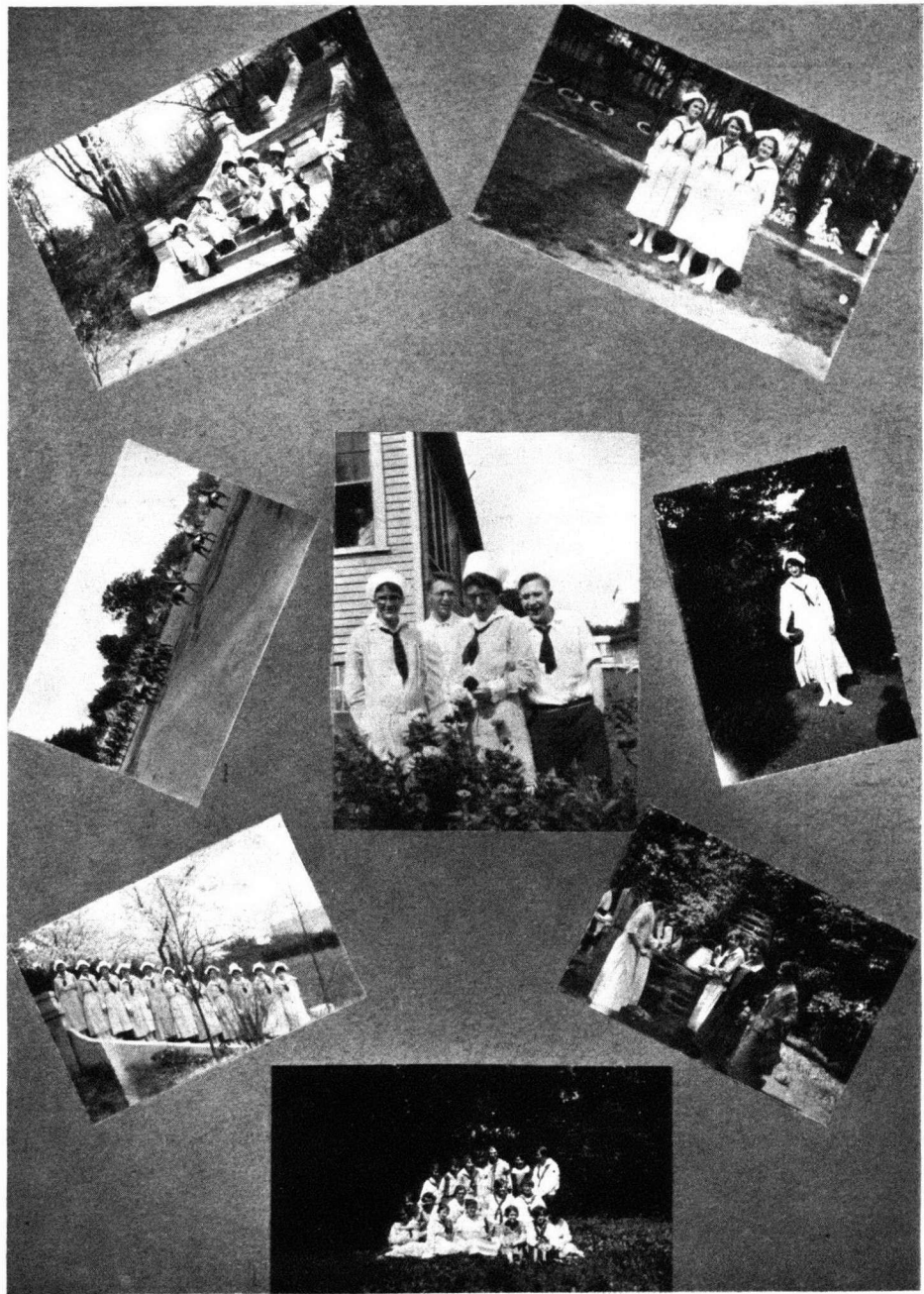
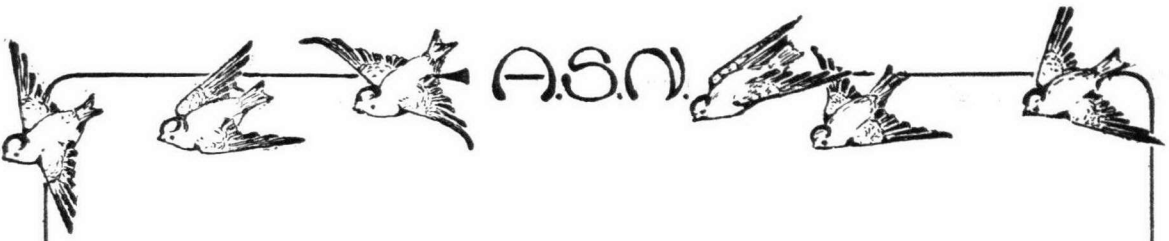
1925



?



1925



1925

The Rocks

Foreword

We call this section "The Rocks" because if the ANNUAL is a wreck we will be responsible.

Acknowledgment

In the cause of humor, we are indebted to those whom we have dragged into the altar fire. We hope we have not singed their fine feathers and tinsel. Let the fact that there is a sacrifice involved be a compensation. We sacrifice for those who will find enjoyment in turning these pages.

"And as I sat, over the light blue hills
There came a noise of revelers;
The rills into the wide stream came of purple hue
'Twas Bacchus and his crew.

The earnest trumpet spake, and silver thrills
From kissing cymbals made a merry din
'Twas Bacchus and his kin.

Like to a moving vintage down they came,
Crown'd with green leaves and faces all on flame;
All madly dancing through the pleasant valley."

KEATS.



Indoor Sports

1925



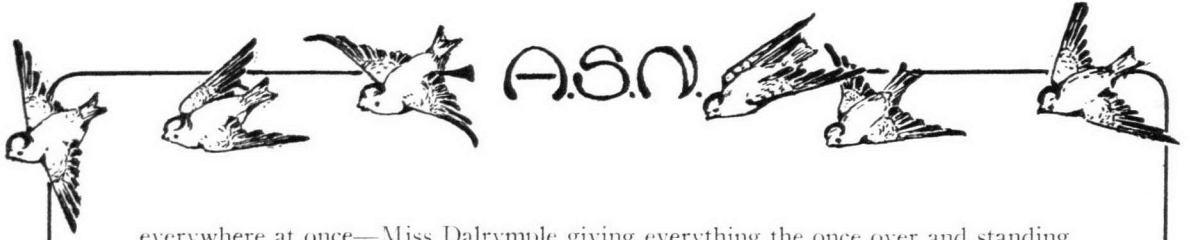
Bloody Sponges

HAVE you ever felt an utter and hopeless phool? Just as if you'd that minute been born? Have you ever stood like a stuffed monkey in everybody's way (when they were rushing madly to get ready) doing absolutely nothing but gape? If you haven't—go to the operating room and you will.

For days before I dreaded going, but the anticipation was nothing compared to the realization. I was plunged into the midst of the most venomous looking instruments of torture I'd ever seen or heard of; but I suddenly seized on something, with a thrill of joy that I recognized—a safety pin—how I loved that safety pin! Solutions standing all about, whiteness, whiteness, clean, pure, whiteness, a sort of “holy of holies”—the operating room. It just makes one's eyes bulge and teeth rattle during those first awful hours there.

My first morning—I was told to circulate. It sounded great. And, “So easy,” everyone said. “Now, all you do is to watch the scrub nurses' wants, pick up bloody sponges, set up the room, keep the water hot, fill up the solutions, give supplies, keep the sterilizers both running hot, keep Colonel Keller's brow *intelligently* mopped, have the infusion set ready, count the tape sponges, have the bandages ready, tear the adhesive without getting it attached to everything but the wound, do everything for everybody, everywhere, at the same time, be quick, quiet, observant and”—Well, these were just a few suggestions given me to start off. Oh, would I were a centipede!

Well, we were all set—white-robed figures everywhere—the anaesthetist with a sheet wound round her head looking like an Egyptian mummy—Miss Thompson



everywhere at once—Miss Dalrymple giving everything the once over and standing on tiptoe to see over the floor pan!

They're off! Was I thrilled? *Je me demande*. I haven't any idea what they did, where they did it, or how or why they did it. I saw nobody and nothing but bloody sponges! I still wonder what the floor pans were for, because never by any chance did a bloody sponge find a shelter in one. As I had been specially instructed to keep the bloody sponges picked up, I concentrated on bloody sponges to the exclusion of all else. I was given an instrument that looked like a pair of high forceps called a sponge stick to fish them up with. So I dived, I crawled, I skidded and slid—all for the elusive little bloody sponge! Death hovered near as I dived for one on the other side of Colonel Keller and nearly had my head chopped off between his legs. And every time my head was on a level with the floor in some grotesque position in an attempt to reach a sponge, Captain Dovell would fling one right into my eye, with the utmost dexterity—perhaps my face looked like a floor pan to him, in which case I can vouch he is a very good shot!

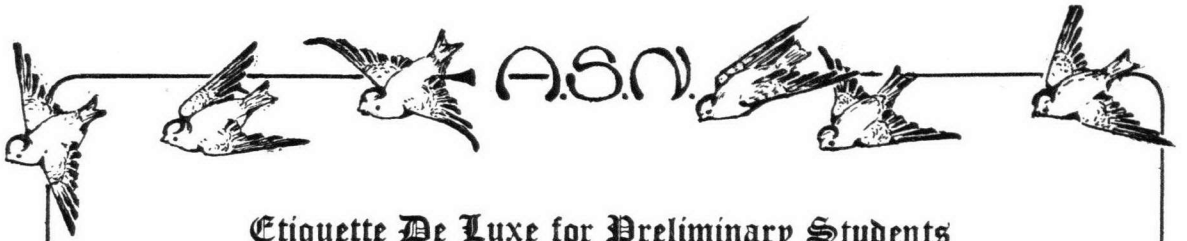
Someone whispered, "Cotton ball, quick!" None on the stand. (Oh, Mike, why was I given big English feet?) I made a wild dash, to be "quick and efficient," tripped over the lamp wire. It tottered and wavered over the table; but "Lady Luck" was with me—as it fell it struck Major Kirk full on the head instead! How I *loved* that head! A breathless silence followed in that white, cold, room. The trip on the wire had precipitated me at a flying speed down the room, skidding wildly on a bloody sponge, arms wide, body swaying, missing the the instrument cupboard by one-eighth of an inch, then with either pure luck or utmost skill crashed through the door to the thundering notes of Colonel Keller's voice, "Who did that?"

Did I return with those cotton balls, or did I stay outside that room for one-half hour—a mental wreck, cursing my feet, cursing myself, and above all cursing bloody sponges? You have guessed right—I stayed awhile to pull myself together!

However, I can't put all the blame on the bloody sponges—nine-tenths must have been just me. For instance, it really *isn't* done to hand a doctor a sterile towel to wipe his hands, when said towel is full of needles and sutures; nor is it done to fling boiling water down Colonel Keller's back when asked for "hot flushes." I could tell it "wasn't done" by the tone he used when he asked, "Who's pouring hot water down my neck?"

I can only say my prayer of thankfulness to "Dolly" and "Tommy," for without their unfailing help, tact and sympathy and understanding, I'd have been locked up in the "Hoosgow" before I'd finished my first day in the operating room.

GLADYS PEACOCK, '25.



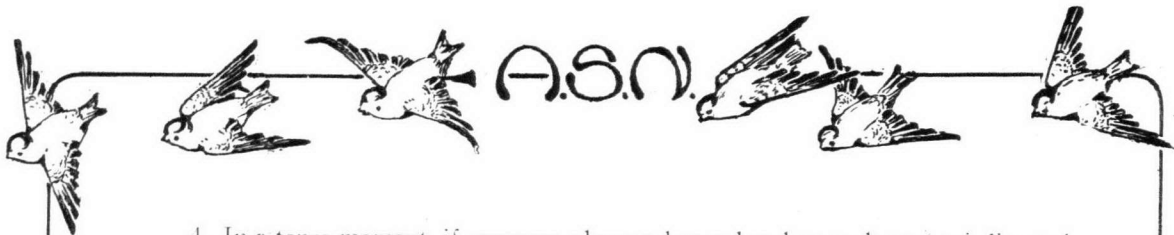
Etiquette De Luxe for Preliminary Students

FIRST DAY IN THE WARD

1. Arise as per usual, dress hastily and carelessly so as to give an air of non-chalance.
2. Scamper into the graduates' dining-room, tying your tie on the way. Appear to have as much difficulty in fastening your cuffs as the girl behind you.
3. Seat yourself near the center so that someone else can pour your water and coffee for you. When reaching for the cream, keep at least one foot on the floor.
4. Examine the edge of your knife carefully so as to avoid cutting your lips.
5. Do not make sarcastic remarks about the coffee, you may be old and weak some day.
6. When you get to the ward, dismiss the night nurse as soon as you can, in a firm but kindly manner.
7. Inform yourself incidentally as to who is your charge nurse. It will benefit you to know. Assure her that you will manage the ward in the true classroom style.
8. Find the older students; go up to them and show them how to do things correctly, as stated in Harmer's Practical Nursing. They will appreciate it.
9. When the chief nurse comes to inspect, give her your ideas on ward problems, then give her some nourishment. You can expect only the highest esteem from her after that.
10. When you and the doctors do dressings allow the cart nurse to carry the bucket for you.
11. If she desires bandage scissors be sure to place them back with the sterile dressings.
12. After having fully assured yourself that you have contaminated the entire dressing cart, help the doctor remove his gown.
13. Drop into the ward and see if the work has been done.
14. At the proper time, call all the patients into your office for their medicine. Also give each of them a thermometer so that they can take their own temps.
15. Be sure to tell the other nurses which supper you are going to.
16. Follow the above rules carefully and you will undoubtedly prove a success in the Army School of Nursing.

SUGGESTIONS ON CONDUCT AT A BIG LEAGUE BASEBALL GAME

1. Be sure that you ask a lot of questions in a loud tone of voice. It is so enlightening to you, your partner and to those about you. It is, moreover, such a source of entertainment especially during a sensational portion of the game.
Don't omit asking, "What's that for?" at every play. It is conducive to self-control, especially on his part.
3. Always cheer for the visiting team, never for the home team; it would be unladylike and you might catch cold in your gold teeth.



4. In a tense moment, if someone places a heavy hand or perhaps a misdirected lower extremity upon your new spring hat, quietly remark in a high-pitched shriek, mingled with spearmint, "Some folks got their nerve." Create a picturesque effect.

5. Be sure to ask him, "How come you arn't playing with them, you being such an excellent twirler?" "What are they all laughing at me for?"

6. When the game is over, don't forget to ask the score, the name of the teams who played, and why they played that way.

7. If you find that your gallant has suddenly departed, don't be surprised. He may not appreciate good company.

Two microbes sat in a milk pan
And said in accents pained,
As they watched the milkman filter the milk,
"Our relations are getting strained."

AT BLOCKLEY

It was their first day on duty and in D. O. W. Business seemed alarmingly good that first day; they were getting ready for a "case." As Miss Wonser and Miss Ransom were scurrying from one room to the other, the doctor, who was busily writing, called to them to get him an obstetrical sheet. Merm gave Rans a meaning glance, meaning, "What on earth is that?" which Rans returned immediately. They then rushed out to the linen room and gave it a hasty, but thorough, search without success. They were reluctant to ask the doctor what it was like, for they felt they should know. So they marched madly on. Finally, in desperation, Rans shamefacedly asked the doctor what it looked like. He held up another chart and said, "One like this."

AT ST. ELIZABETHS

A party of congressmen were passing through the hospital. In "B" ward one of the party lingered while the others crossed the hall, to see the wonders in "B." When the belated one attempted to cross over to where his friends were, he was forcibly persuaded to remain where he was.

"But I'm a Congressman," he explained.

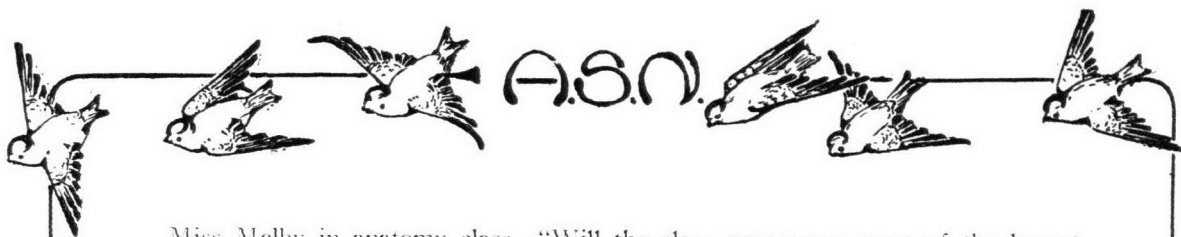
"That's what they all say," was the attendant's reply.

First Patient—"How would you like to have scarlet fever and measles at the same time?"

Second Patient—"But how would you like to have arthritis and St. Vitus Dance at the same time?"

Nurse—"I don't believe that clock is right."

Patient—"If it were it wouldn't be here."



Miss Melby in anatomy class—"Will the class now name some of the lowest forms of life, beginning with Miss Conde?"

Anna May Taylor, on a recent visit to the Zoo was gazing at one of our kin, dating back to the days before our ancestral evolution, when Pat, a bystander, inquired: "Beg pardon, but phwat kind of a crittur is that?" She replied, "That, my dear man, is a native of Australia." Pat threw up his hands and exclaimed, "May the Lord have mercy on her, me sister married one of them."

PUBLIC HEALTH

Heard at child welfare lecture.

Lecturer—"Have any of you young ladies any questions to ask about teething?"

Miss Howe—"When does a baby get his Hutchinson's teeth?"

Miss Mitchell, taking a history—"Mrs. Dinklespiel, are you and your husband both living?"

Corpsman at Letterman stable—"Didja ever ride a horse before?"

Miss Livingstone—"No."

Corpsman—"Then I have just the horse for you—he's never been ridden before either. You two can start out together."

Whoa, entirely whoa!

Miss Conde (greatly provoked)—"Oh, sit on a tack!"

Sergeant McCaffery—"I'd tell you to do that if you were wide enough."

Small boy to college man wearing new bright tie—"Hey, mister, your nose is bleeding."

P. H. Lecturer (closing lecture)—"Now, if there are any questions I shall be glad to answer them but please lower your voices when you speak so as not to wake the other nurses."

Miss Walk (during school nursing course)—"Johnny, name an organ."

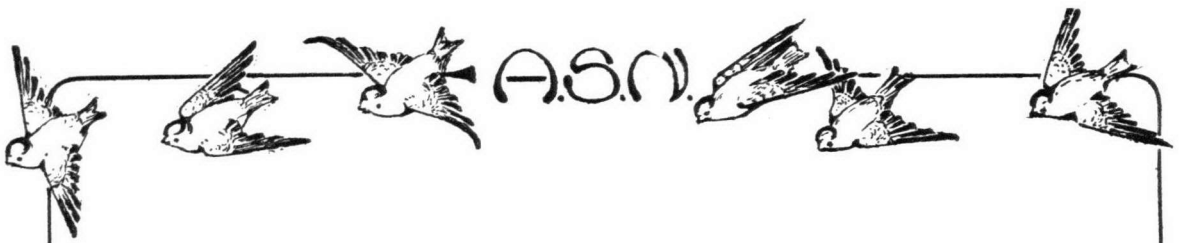
Johnny—"Tooth."

Miss Walk—"What kind of an organ is it?"

Johnny—"Grind organ."

The Karo Corn Syrup Company evidently have a varied use for their product. They received this letter—

"Gentlemen:—I have taken ten cans of syrup and my feet are no better than when I started."



"Man"

MAN can't sleep out of doors without freezing to death or getting rheumatism; he can't keep his nose under water over a minute without being drowned. He's the poorest, clumsiest excuse of all creatures that inhabit the earth.

"He has to be coddled, swathed and bandaged to be able to live at all. He is a rickety sort of thing any way you take him—a regular British Museum of inferiorities.

"He is always undergoing repairs. A machine as unreliable as he is would have no market.

"The lower animals appear to us to get their teeth without pain or inconvenience; man's come through after months of cruel torture, at a time when he is least able to bear it. As soon as he gets them they must be pulled out again. The second set will last for a while, but he will never get a set that he can depend upon until the dentist makes one.

"Man starts in as a child, and lives on diseases to the end as a regular diet. He has mumps, scarlet fever, whooping cough, croup, tonsilitis and diphtheria, as a matter of course.

"Afterwards, as he goes along, his life continues to be threatened at every turn by colds, coughs, asthma, bronchitis, quinsy, consumption, yellow fever, blindness, influenza, carbuncles, pneumonia, softening of the brain, and a thousand other maladies of one sort or another.

"He's just a basketful of pestilent corruption, provided for the support and entertainment of microbes. Look at the workmanship of him in some particulars:

"What's his appendix for? It has no value. Its sole interest is to lie and wait for a stray grape seed and breed trouble.

"What is his beard for? It is just a nuisance. All nations persecute it with a razor. Nature, however, always keeps him supplied with it, instead of putting it on his head.

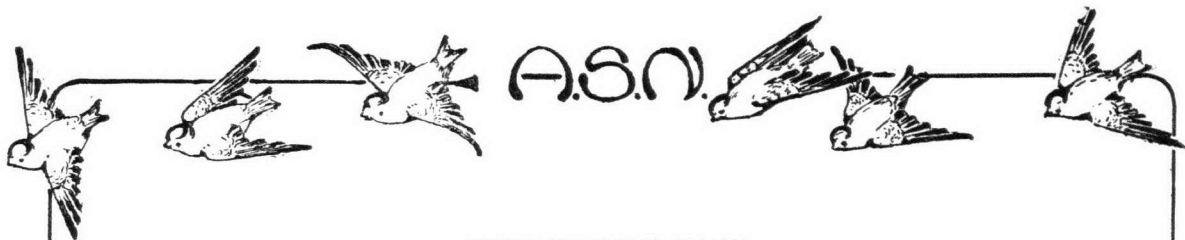
"A man wants to keep his hair. It is a graceful ornament, a comfort, the best protection against weather, and he prizes it above emeralds and rubies, and half the time nature puts it on so it won't stay.

"Man isn't even handsome, and as for style, look at the Bengal tiger—that ideal of grace, physical perfection and majesty. Think of the lion, the tiger and the leopard, then think of man, that poor thing! The animal of the wig, the ear trumpet, the glass eye, the porcelain teeth, the wooden leg, the silver windpipe, a creature that is mended all from top to bottom."

—Mark Twain.

"A man's a man for a' that."

—Burns.



THE WONSER WAIL

Oh where, oh where is my chewing gum now?
Oh where, oh where did it fall?
It dropped from my mouth before Miss Logan's eyes
And now no more can I "chaw."

Billie Howell believes in "Eat and Grow Fat." At least she successfully launched the Nutritionist on an extra quarter of an hour of food chat, and will thereby gain a Food Calendar to hang in her kitchen.

It was amusing when Peggy was hailed as a "dear friend" by a dark complexioned patient, but it was even funnier when Kennedy was "honked at" and taken for a lift by Hazel, Anthony and Baby while they were on their honeymoon.

Lily Lott revived a foreign custom when she became "taster" of some Italian concoctions.

Miss S—— to Miss Lauriat on one of those linger longer Sunday mornings:

"Get up you lazy sinner—
We want your sheets for the table and—
It's nearly time for dinner."

"Hail to the Chief!" The cock-roaches gently but firmly moved the bed covers when Kennedy went into her favorite home. She was recognized by the bug on her collar.

Mitchell walks and walks and walks, and never seems quite through, so at class time she's often seen sleeping by Miss Rood.

Much to her horror, Peggy found that she was nineteen pounds under weight for a man of her size.

Lauriat lost another chance for future happiness when she fell down the steps of Friendship House the other day.

Walk's too quiet; can't get the goods on her.

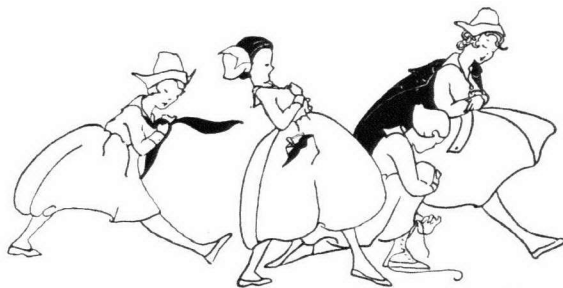
Peggy: I got a bite on the car last night.

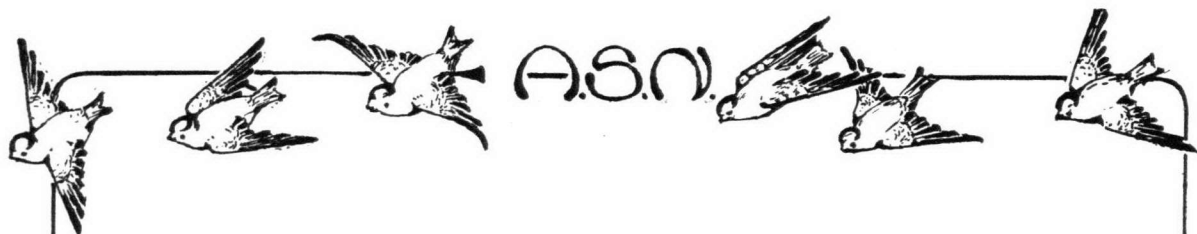
Torchy: Must have been a publicity bug.

When Lily Lott retires from the Army she expects to take up family gossip-gathering as a R. Q. course in Social Service.

A new sign on the office telephone reads: "This is a business telephone and not to be used for private calls. If you wish to use it for such kindly deposit five cents." There have been no nickles spent.

Coming events cast their shadows before. Kennedy's advice was asked by a mother before she would carry out a doctor's orders; good practice for the future Mrs. Doctor ——. But Burkhart had to have a written order from the family physician before she was allowed to give a bath.





Retreat

1925



President's Message



PARTING that will bring regret to all of us is just ahead. It means the severing of ties that we have cherished. It well may seem associations cultivated long, as ours, might better be preserved, so pleasant have they been. It may be ruthless to destroy them when their strength and beauty daily grow.

And yet—"How dull it is to pause, to make an end, to rust unburnished, not to shine in use." Humanity is calling, offering tasks whose very import makes of each a precious privilege, calling for the help, the sympathy, the ministrations we can give. We cannot linger when we see about us work undone, the vastness of the field, the upstretched arms of those who need our aid. We cannot bid them wait upon our wishes. We cannot put our vain desires above their needs. Our very lives are dedicated now to ease their burdens, to bring a bit of sunshine where there's night.

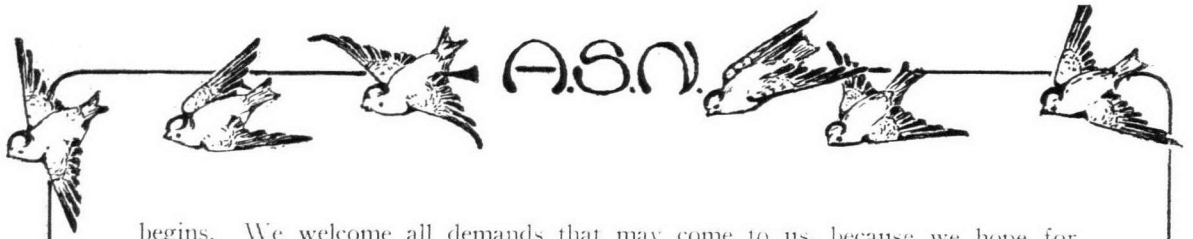
"And hither did I ride to thee"; we soon may say, "and tidings do I bring and lucky joys and golden times and happy news."

Is there a greater mission, in the universe, than this? Can any have a privilege more profound? Can any service man aspire to all the glory of our own? Let's keep it sacred, let us hold fast to the spirit of it, never pausing, never taking time to doubt it is divine.

To us life is a simple art of duties to be done; it never must be more lest all its worth be tarnished. Our pledge shall always point ahead, a beacon in the blackness of life's pain, to lead us on and spread the cheer that is our purpose. Remaining true to it, we cannot fail. Through the ages the sublime devotion that our leader gave us shall endure, and we shall treasure her example for our lives. It was not idly that we took the standard she laid down, nor idly shall we bear it through the years.

What resolution we can gain from her; what strength her life of service can provide us! Too proud to waste a blessing or a talent that could help the world, she shows the way still open to us all. The light she left behind shines on the paths we seek to take, and only profound faith and love for all mankind are needed in our steps to follow her.

Fleeting moments hasten to their end and leave us all too little time for our ambitions. We cannot sit with idle hands and be content. Because we know our wants, our urge to labor, we greet the hour when preparation ceases and toil

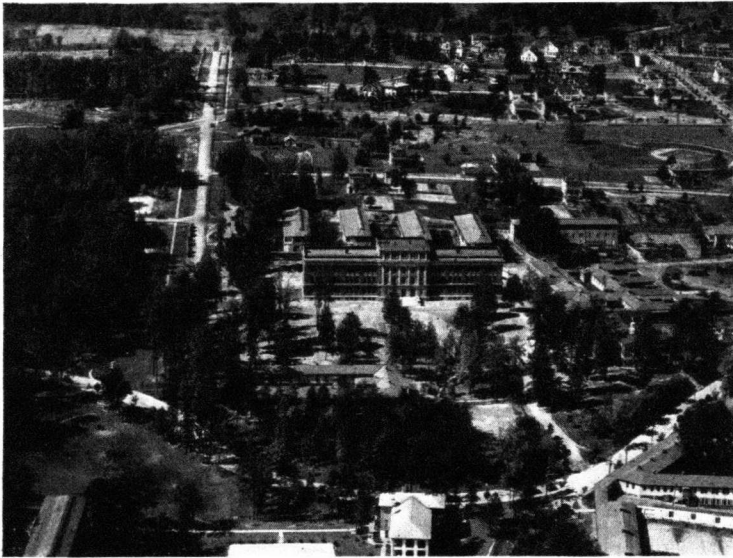


begins. We welcome all demands that may come to us, because we hope for blessings that shall ever wait on helpful deeds.

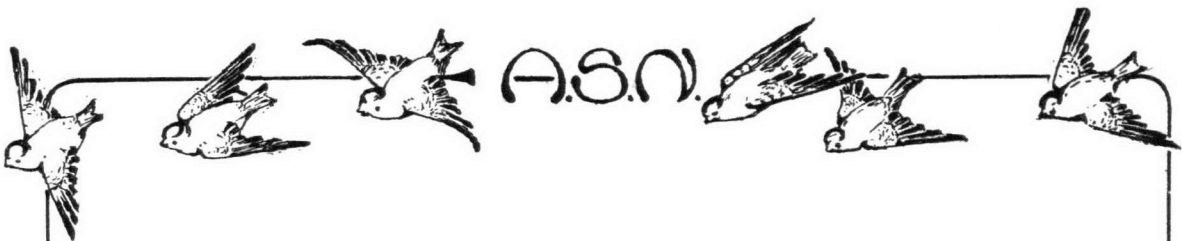
And through it all, through all the joys and tribulations we must face to reach the goal on which our hopes are fixed, let us resolve that none can ever dim the memories of our days together. Let us always hold the good, the ennobling influences, the deep regard for one another's welfare we have found within our school. And let us, too, preserve the bonds of friendship that smoothed the way in many trying moments, so that to each as she embarks for other fields, we may exclaim:

"And you, farewell! whose merits claim, justly, that
highest badge to wear."

BILLIE HOWELL, '25.



BIRDSEYE VIEW OF ARMY MEDICAL CENTER



Our Grateful Appreciation



To the Army—For what it means
to us.

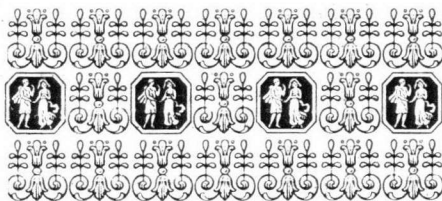
To our School—For its Inspiration.

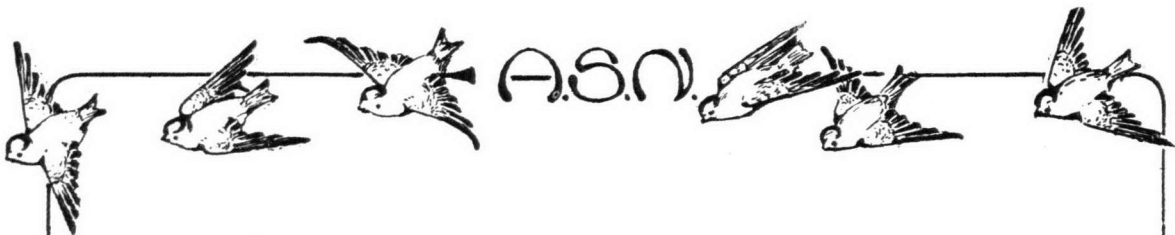
To the Alumnae—For their shin-
ing example.

To Our Faculty—For their guid-
ance.

To Our Classmates—For their in-
terest and helpfulness.

To Our Publishers—For their pa-
tient forbearance.





Commencement Week Program, 1925

Baccalaureate Sermon

Bishop William F. McDowell.....Calvary M. E. Church
May 17, 8:00 P. M.

Picnic Supper

By the Army Nurse Corps
In Honor of the Army School of Nursing
Rock Creek Park.....June 1, 3:00 to 7:00 P. M.

Concert

Formal Garden.....United States Marine Band
June 2, 6:00 P. M.

Dance

Reception and Dance by the Red Cross
Red Cross House.....June 3, 9:00 P. M.

Faculty Reception

Faculty Reception in honor of the Graduating Class of
the Army School of Nursing and the Alumnae Association
June 4, 4:00 to 6:00 P. M.

Chapel Service for Seniors

Auditorium, Administration Building.....June 5, 8:00 A. M.

Army School of Nursing Alumnae Association

Auditorium, Administration Building
Registration—First Business Session of Annual Meeting
Acceptance of New Members
June 5, 8:30 A. M.

Formal Welcome to Army School of Nursing Alumnae Association

Library, Main Building, June 5, 10:00 A. M.
By Brigadier General James D. Glennon
Commanding Officer, Army Medical Center
1st Lt. Julia O. Flikke, A. N. C. Principal Chief Nurse.
1st Lt. Elizabeth Melby, A. N. C. Director A. S. N.

Class Day

Formal Garden, June 5, 10:30 A. M.

1925



Conferences—Army School of Nursing Alumnae Association
Auditorium, Administration Building
June 5, 1:00 to 2:00 P. M.

Commencement Exercises
Formal Garden.....June 5, 3:30 P. M.
Informal Reception.....June 5, 4:30 P. M.

Business Meeting—Army School of Nursing Alumnae
Auditorium, Administration Building
June 6, 8:30 A. M.
Conferences to be Announced

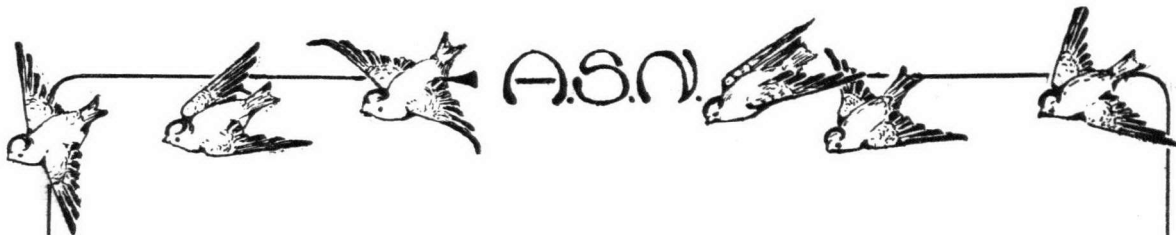
Alumnae Automobile Tour by Courtesy of Miss Lower
TEA
Pierce Mill Tea House
June 6, 4:00 to 6:00 P. M.

Alumnae Banquet
Service Club, June 6, 9:00 P. M.

Senior-Junior Breakfast
By the Classes of 1926 and 1927
Rock Creek Park—June 7, 8:00 A. M.

Graduates

Sadie Bassett Adkins.....	Maryland
Prudence Ruth Anderson.....	Minnesota
Maria Marguerite Berens.....	Luxemburg
Susan Mary Books.....	Texas
Helen Teresa Carey.....	District of Columbia
Dorothy Marlette Conde.....	New York
Bessie Gladys Day.....	Wyoming
Rose Dolan.....	Pennsylvania
Dorothy Margaret Frost.....	New York
Katherine Cockrell Hall.....	District of Columbia
Mary Ellen Howe.....	Pennsylvania
Annie Neal Howell.....	Georgia
Wilma Barr Howell.....	California
Margaret Louise Jordan.....	Virginia
Mabel Kennedy.....	Ontario
Phyllis Lauriat.....	South Carolina
Marion Letitia Lee.....	Massachusetts
Elise LeMens.....	France
Edna Myrtle Livingston.....	Washington
Beatrice Lott.....	Texas
Loretto McBride.....	Missouri
Ruth McGlothlin.....	West Virginia
Eleanor Warren Merrill.....	Massachusetts
Mary Frances Mitchell.....	District of Columbia
Martha Nowinski.....	Wisconsin
Gladys Marcia Peacock.....	London, Engalnd
Gertrude Powell Pendleton.....	District of Columbia
Esther Evelyn Ransom.....	Minnesota
Ella Roxanna Reed.....	Ohio
Jeannette Everett Robinson.....	Illinois
Mamie Carrington Rosser.....	Virginia
Elsie Brock Sinkler.....	Pennsylvania
Mary Anna Stecher.....	Florida
Esther Anne Stephens.....	Kansas
Annie Mae Taylor.....	North Carolina
Alline Thompson.....	Georgia
Priscilla Gumaer Vincent.....	Wisconsin
Helen Merle Walk.....	Pennsylvania
Mary Bristow Willeford.....	Texas
Gertrude Clarinda Wilson.....	(Rea Medal) Virginia
Mermel Doris Wonser.....	Wisconsin

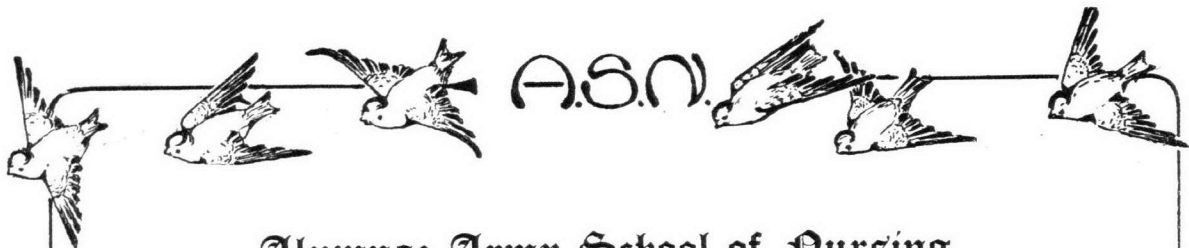


ANNUAL STAFF

Editor-in-Chief.....MARY F. MITCHELL
Business Manager.....JEANNETTE ROBINSON
Associate Editor.....BILLIE HOWELL
Literary Editor....DOROTHY M. CONDE
AssistantMERMEL WONSER
Poets{ RUTH McGLOTHLIN
 { MARY STECHER
Wit and Humor.....PRUDENCE ANDERSON

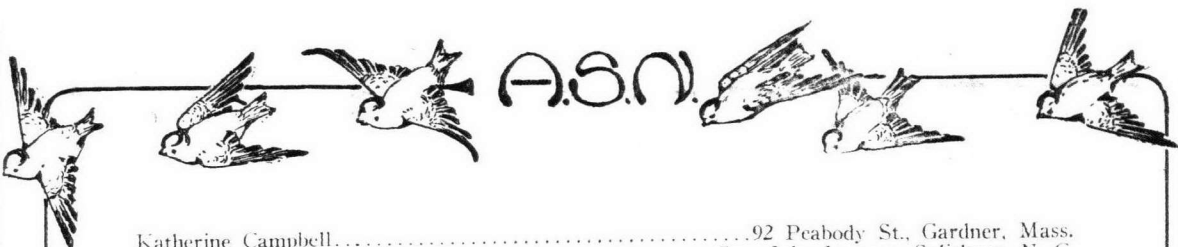
Faculty Adviser.....MISS MARY TOBIN

Note.—We wish to thank Esther Ransom, our elected Editor-in-Chief, who accepted a position in the West, for the effort she put forth in making the 1925 Class Annual a success.

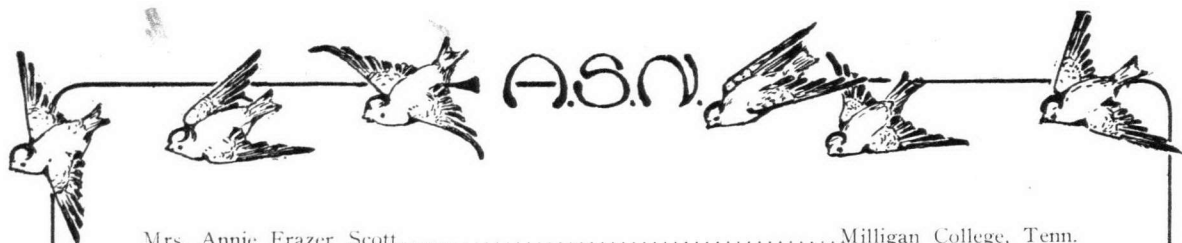


Alumnae Army School of Nursing

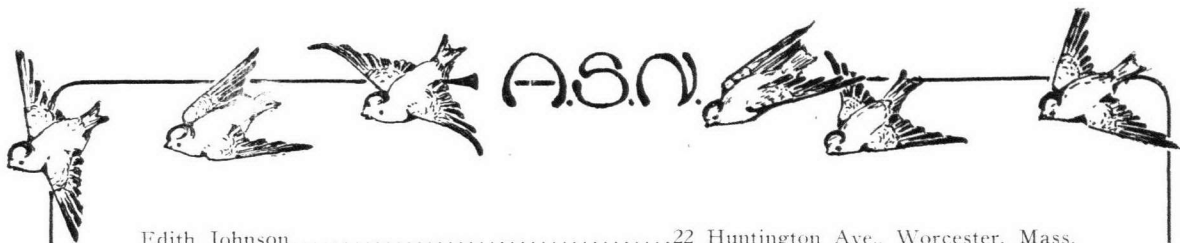
Imogene H. Abbey	Washington, D. C.
Margaret A. Adair	Pershing Memorial Hospital, Cheyenne, Wyo.
Jess Adams	Purcellville, Va.
Edna Albritton	Comanche, Tex.
Mrs. Vera Allender Schweiger	341 W. 86th St., New York, N. Y.
Nettie E. Alley	Phelps, Ky.
Capitola E. Anderson	4421 Fifteenth St. N. W., Washington, D. C.
Dorothy R. Anderson	Box No. 42, Littlefield, Tex.
Emily Anderson	1411 Oak St. S. E., Brainerd, Minn.
Gwen Andrews	105 West Madison St., Jefferson, Iowa
Neta Andrews	Glidden, Iowa
Mrs. Effie Appleby Stuart	636 Newark Avenue, Elizabeth, N. J.
Lora C. Arbogast	80 King Ave., Columbus, Ohio
Anne Armstrong	423 Cottage St., Ashland, Ohio
Esther F. Bacon	66 Benefit St., Providence, R. I.
Mrs. Bertola Bains De France	731 Vine St., Beloit, Wis.
Laura L. Baker	Carpenter, S. D.
Pearl Barclay	Paint Rock, Ala.
Cleo Barnes	Rosedale, Ind.
Margaret E. Barr	607 Jefferson St., Martin's Ferry, Ohio
Ethel M. Barton	313 E. Unaka Ave., Johnson City, Tenn.
Mary Baylor	546 Ashland Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
Vera H. Beard	Molino, Fla.
Mrs. Marie Becker Kidd	New Freedom, Pa.
Christine Beebee	Goldbrook, N. Y.
Marion Benson	Owensville, Ind.
Louise Bentley	Elemere Ave., S. Portland, Me.
Mrs. Louise Bereiter Beckley	Box No. 5, Deque, Ill.
Mary Berry	Dushore, Pa.
May Bessling	603 E. Main St., Mexia, Tex.
Helen Betts	43 High St., Passaic, N. J.
Ella Belby	Hackettstown, N. J.
Helen P. Bilderbach	835 Fifth St., Fort Madison, Iowa
Lois Bishop	Bangor, Mich.
Laura Black	229 Segmore Ave., Lansing, Mich.
Annie E. Books	226 Linares Ave., San Antonio, Tex.
Polly Burkhart	1215 West Emerson St., Paraquid, Ark.
Ida Bjorkquist	Iron River, Mich.
Mrs. Elizabeth Black Bates	170 Bleecker St., New York City
Ruth Hoedefeld	714 Marion St., Elcard, Ind.
Mary E. Bond	33 Hanover St., Baltimore, Md.
Helen Booth	349 Pearl St., Burlington, Vt.
Eva Bourne	2717 Eliot St., Denver, Colo.
Margaret B. Brewer	Marmaduke, Ark.
Elizabeth M. Brooks	3557 Lafayette Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Mae Brown	3805 Georgia Ave., Washington, D. C.
Grace Brown	West Beach, Iowa
Nina Brown	Nealsville, Wis.
Emma Bunting	Ellery, Ill.
Mildred Burns	Winchester, Ill.
Susan Burridge	Ethel, Vt.
Viola Busey	710 West Church St., Urbana, Ill.
Edna Butler	Manhattan, Kans.
Mrs. Florence Butzbach Baise	806 N. Sixth St., South Bend, Ind.
Alice Byrnes	Mount Hotel, Kalispell, Mont.
Norma A. Cady	Daytona Beach, Fla.
Martha Calder	404 East Lake Ave., Govans, Baltimore, Md.
Irene Caldwell	Scottsboro, Ala.
Arlyn Carlson	Stephenson, Mich.
Mrs. Manila Cale Crawford	Army Medical Center, Washington, D. C.
Annie Callender	Poquoneck, Conn.



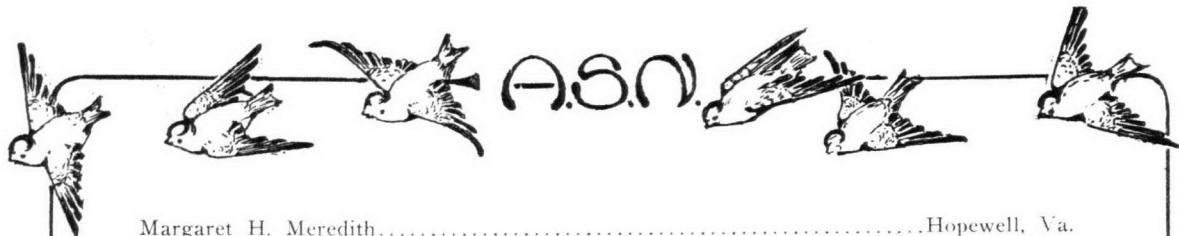
Katherine Campbell.....	92 Peabody St., Gardner, Mass.
Nell B. Carrington.....	Care John Lawson, Salisbury, N. C.
Agnes Case.....	Benzonina, Mich.
Blanche Chance.....	824 Flory St. N. E., Canton, Ohio
Mrs. Pearl Childress Testebe.....	613 East High Ave., Oskaloosa, Iowa
Helena Clearwater.....	48 Pine St., Kingston, N. Y.
Margaret Cleary.....	Gridley, Ill.
Mrs. Dorothy Cleveland Waldron.....	134 Brown St., Holyoke, Mass.
Harriet Clogston.....	Bridgeport, Ohio
Ruth Coe.....	Barron, Wis.
Mrs. Iva J. Comely Norris.....	New Point, Ind.
Ida Mae Confer.....	1528 Moore St., Huntington, Pa.
Mary Conn.....	3429 Chope Place, Detroit, Mich.
Julia Connor.....	416 Glendalyn Ave., Spartanburg, S. C.
Etta Cooke.....	1455 S. Sixth St., Louisville, Ky.
Grace Cordon.....	Henderson, N. C.
Merle Craven.....	Kellogg, Iowa
Beulah Crawford.....	Syracuse University Hospital of Good Shepherd, Syracuse, N. Y.
Margaret Cree.....	Tyrone, Pa.
G. Vivienne Culver.....	Presidio of Monterey, Calif.
Louise Cummings.....	401 Church St., Richmond Hill, L. I., N. Y.
Mrs. Adde Cummings Kempton.....	Malone, N. Y.
Bess Cunningham.....	Granger, Iowa
Mrs. Margaret Cutler Stone.....	2806 13th St. N. E., Washington, D. C.
Mrs. Christy Dalrymple Brown.....	Sugargrove, Pa.
Elizabeth Dalrymple.....	59 Patterson St., New Brunswick, N. J.
Edna Daulton.....	Melvina, Wis.
June Danielson.....	Parkland, Tacoma, Wash.
Helen Davies.....	Ballard Vale, Mass.
Marjorie Davies.....	Ballard Vale, Mass.
Mrs. Lela Davis Chenery.....	Monmouth, Me.
E. Ione De France.....	1325 P St., Lincoln Nebr.
Mrs. Heloise Degrange Oldham.....	27 Somerset St., Worcester, Mass.
Eudora Dickason.....	Brownsville, Tex.
Maude Doherty.....	Clay City, Ill.
Jessie Driskell.....	Belvier, Mo.
Edna Druliner.....	Alma, Nebr.
Helen Koegh Dorian.....	1071 Lakewood Ave., Detroit, Mich.
Nataline Dulles.....	67 South St., Auburn, N. Y.
Edith Duncan.....	Box 365, Donna, Tex.
Marjorie Dunham.....	Montour Falls, N. Y.
Gilberta Durland.....	1106 Nebraska Ave., Norfolk, Nebr.
Elsie Duphie.....	443 Fuller Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich.
Edna Easley.....	3087 Markbreit Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio
Mrs. Mava Edwards Eaton.....	725 Albion Ave., Fairmount, Minn.
Synneve Eikum.....	Genesse, Idaho
Emma Einerson.....	Bird Island, Minn.
Ruth Ellsberry.....	Hume, Ill.
Carrie Epperson.....	Eighth and Antelope St., Scott City, Kans.
Eleanore Erwin.....	2125 Ashland Blvd., St. Joseph, Mo.
Cecilia Eyolfson.....	Edinberg, N. D.
Helen Eyres.....	LeMars, Iowa
Katherine Fagen.....	10 Main St., Carthage, N. Y.
Hattie Feather.....	Cherokee, N. C.
Mrs. Elinore Fahl Russell.....	1405 Bellfontaine St., Indianapolis, Ind.
Mrs. Margaret Farley MacMillan.....	410 Righter St., Helena, Ark.
Jewel Farrar.....	73 E. Maple Ave., Downer's Grove, Ill.
LaVerne H. Fitzgerald.....	901 Fourth Ave., Great Falls, Mont.
Dorothy I. Fulton.....	Tarpon Springs, Fla.
Ann Louise Finch.....	Edwardsville, Ill.
Ruth A. Fisher.....	5530 Elm St., Reading, Pa.
Harriet Fithian.....	30 S. Giles St., Bridgeton, N. J.
Esther Fox.....	521 Prospect Ave., Hot Springs Reserve, Ark.
Margaret Frazer.....	Attending Surgeon's Office, Munitions Bldg., Washington, D. C.
Mrs. Dulcie Frater Ross.....	Prestonburg, Ky.



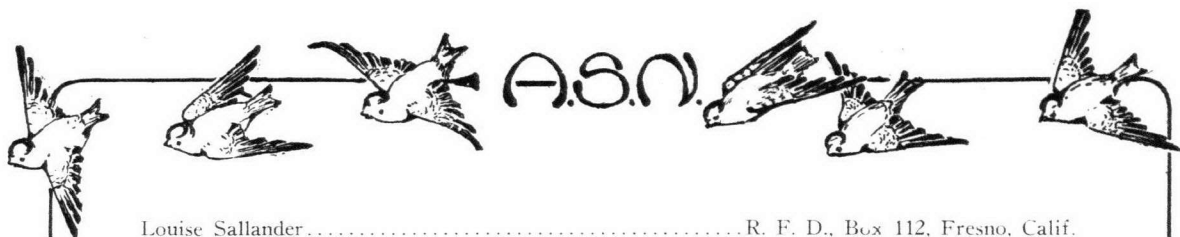
Mrs. Annie Frazer Scott.....	Milligan College, Tenn.
Netah Frederick.....	Fon du Lac, Wis.
Hilda Freding.....	618 S. Second Ave., Washington, Iowa
Mrs. Hazel French Ryan.....	Crooksville, Ohio
Ruth E. Freshour.....	Kingston, Ohio
Mildred Frey.....	214 Main St., Muncy, Pa.
Margaret Fuller.....	744 N. Elmwood Ave., Oak Park, Ill.
Wilda Fulton.....	822 Elk St., Beatrice, Nebr.
Nellie Fundenberg.....	New Carlisle, Ohio
Ethyle Gallinant.....	90 Lincoln Ave., Richfield Park, N. J.
Elizabeth Gerhard.....	33 Cottage Ave., Fond du Lac, Wis.
Mrs. Florence Gerhart Mabbutt.....	1544 Perkiomen Ave., Reading, Pa.
Wilda Getty.....	Grantsville, Md.
Etta Gilliom.....	Wadsworth, Ohio
Beulah Gould.....	Potsdam Normal School, Potsdam, N. Y.
Mrs. Eva Gross Smith.....	1129 West Lexington Ave., Elkhart, Ind.
Anne M. Gregg.....	Marion, S. C.
Mable Grundmeyer.....	Sleepy Eye, Minn.
Anna Gudelsky.....	Overlea, Baltimore, Md.
Geneva Gunderson.....	Elk Point, S. D.
Edith Hall.....	Kimball, Nebr.
Sarah Hall.....	723 Townsend Place, Niagara Falls, N. Y.
Mrs. Anna Hammond Holter.....	1907 W. 38th Place, Los Angeles, Calif.
Loraine B. Hanse.....	Rochester, N. Y.
Martha Hauch.....	Culpeper, Va.
Mary E. Hicks.....	Port Royal, Va.
Olive Hunsinger.....	Oakland, Calif.
Elizabeth Hansborough.....	Shelbyville, Ky.
Mrs. Dorothy Hammer Stanfield.....	1241 Bardstown Road, Louisville, Ky.
Frances Harding.....	New London, Iowa
Emily Harris.....	120 E. 82d St., New York City
Mrs. Alice Harrison Brewer.....	326 Chamber St., Milwaukee, Wis.
Jesse Hartley.....	549 Riverside Drive, New York City
Anna Harvey.....	Altoona, Iowa
Louise Hart.....	Bruce, S. D.
Laura Hastings.....	700 E. Van Trees St., Washington, Ind.
Edith Hayden.....	Manassas, Va.
Mrs. Jane Heard Hallman.....	670 Hawes Ave., Norristown, Pa.
Kate Heathman.....	Kirksville, Mo.
Rose Hegne.....	Ashley, Minn.
Vina Heinley.....	409 Park Ave., Williamsport, Pa.
Olivia Hemphill.....	702 West Main St., Chanute, Kans.
Virginia Henderson.....	Bellevue, Va.
Edan Henjes.....	Arlington Heights, Ill.
Florence E. Henry.....	21 Stanfield St., Rochester, N. Y.
Mrs. Marie Heuters Bentley.....	Yosemite National Park, Yosemite, Calif.
Ruby Hicock.....	950 Highland Ave., Elgin, Ill.
Eva Hicks.....	Fort McPherson, Ga.
Katherine K. Hill.....	131 Wabash Ave., Carthage, Ill.
Gladys Hitt.....	1250 Ohio Ave., Kansas City, Kans.
Mrs. Elizabeth Kogle Stewart.....	Mt. Vernon, Iowa
Ruth Holiday.....	Grand View, Iowa
Mrs. Sidney Hood Haight.....	1102 Clay Ave., Pelham Manor, N. Y.
Amy Hoover.....	415 Moffett Ave., Joplin, Mo.
Olga Hovre.....	Colfax, Wis.
Ruth Hubbard.....	1138 Bergen St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mrs. Gladys Huggett Bean.....	1646 West Grand Blvd., Detroit, Mich.
Adelaide Hughes.....	42 Cornelia St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Dorothea Hughes.....	144 Randolph Ave., Milton, Mass.
Edith Hurley.....	24 Fifth Ave., New York City
Hazel Hutchenson.....	320 Ashton St., Grand Forks, N. D.
Anne Hynds.....	Dandridge, Tenn.
Louise Irvin.....	R. F. D. 1, Meadville, Pa.
Lillian Jacobson.....	Little Saunk, Minn.



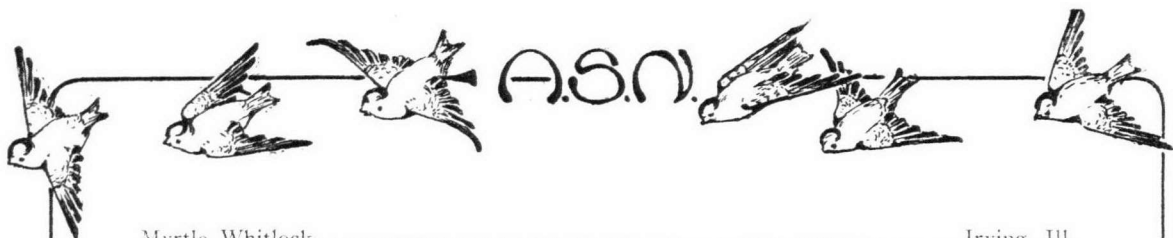
Edith Johnson.....	22 Huntington Ave., Worcester, Mass.
Gustie Johnson.....	Youngsville, Pa.
Margaret Johnston.....	24 Central Ave., Tompkinsville, S. I., N. Y.
M. Caroline Jones.....	Wolcott, N. Y.
Elizabeth E. Joubert.....	Enumclaw, Wash.
Irma Junie.....	121 S. Broadway, New Ulm, Minn.
Loretta Kaler.....	Rantoul, Ill.
Florence Kehm.....	606 So. Georgia Ave., Mason City, Iowa
Mrs. Martha Kearn Broyles.....	Greenwood, Miss.
Mrs. Genevieve Kelley O'Brien.....	Kenosha, Wis.
Esther Kemp.....	282 Granite St., Manchester, N. H.
Helen Kennedy.....	33 Hayden Ave., Windsor, Conn.
Mrs. Edith Kerr Weaver.....	Sturgis, Mich.
Mary Kester.....	832 Village Court, Kalamazoo, Mich.
Blanche Kingsley.....	West Gouldsboro, Me.
Louise Kinney.....	Grand Rapids, N. D.
Marion Kirkman.....	210 W. McClure St., Peoria, Ill.
Mary Edna Kitch.....	1014 No. Jackson St., Litchfield, Ill.
Anna Kline.....	2620 Bellefontaine St., Indianapolis, Ind.
Nina Kline.....	La Porte City, Iowa
Viola Knoll.....	1212 Yale Place, Minneapolis, Minn.
Annamarie Koch.....	93 Essex Ave., Bloomfield, N. J.
Katherine Kriezenbeck.....	Chadron, Nebr.
Mrs. Ollie Lackey Hammond.....	25 Washington St., Palmyra, N. Y.
Irene Lauders.....	Oak Bluffs, Mass.
Martha Langley.....	533 Poplar St., Erie, Pa.
Amelia Lanxon.....	1320 Tenth St., Fargo, N. D.
Clara Larson.....	Sparta, Wis.
Vera Lawton.....	211 Worth St., Fulton, N. Y.
Edmonia Leech.....	Safety Harbor, Fla.
Bessie Leggett.....	111 N. 13th St., San Jose, Calif.
Alma Leland.....	Rosedale, Ind.
Mabel Leslie.....	1441 Clermont St., Antigo, Wis.
Lucy Lewandowska.....	46 Van Winkle Ave., Jersey City, N. J.
Edna L. Lindquist.....	212 Prospect Ave., Marquette, Mich.
Emma S. Linn.....	Wakefield, Mich.
Annette Lonergan.....	Pallatina Ave., Hollis, L. I., N. Y.
Corrie Long.....	Big Stone Gap, Va.
Frederick Loomis.....	1245 24th St., Des Moines, Ia.
Edna Loree.....	324 N. Main St., Celina, Ohio
Anice Loveall.....	Williams, Ind.
Helen Lukens.....	Moore's Delaware County, Pa.
Mary Lynch.....	Havanna, N. Dak.
Adele Lyons.....	236 Ravine Ave., Rochester, N. Y.
Margaret MacBryde.....	5611 37th St., N. W., Chevy Chase, D. C.
Julia McBride.....	625 E. 23d St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Beatrice McBride.....	115 Poplar St., Washington, Ind.
Mrs. Elizabeth McCurdy Webb.....	1831 Selby Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
Mrs. Katherine McCurdy Carpenter.....	2435 S. Webster St., Fort Wayne, Ind.
Mrs. Violet McDowell Anderson.....	2024 Marion Ave., N. Little Rock, Ark.
Kitty McKelvy.....	Sparta, Ill.
Amy McNall.....	22 Clarendon St., Malden, Mass.
Rose McNaught.....	200 Sargent St., Holyoke, Mass.
Hazel Mackay.....	Port Huron, Mich.
Georgia MacKenzie.....	210 Herbert St., San Antonio, Tex.
Helen MacNaughton.....	23 Blair Rd., Staten Island, N. Y.
Ella Malm.....	Phillips, Wis.
Susan March.....	Jefferson, Ohio
Mrs. Elizabeth March Brett.....	Fort Davis, Canal Zone
Ruby Marshall.....	Falls Creek, Pa.
Mrs. Charlotte Mason Dickson.....	Lewisburg, W. Va.
Katherine Matthews.....	525 E. Chestnut St., Sunbury, Pa.
Edith Mattoon.....	317 W. Magnolia St., Fort Collins, Colo.
Helen I. Miller.....	514 Newton Ave., Canton, Ohio



Margaret H. Meredith	Hopewell, Va.
Nellie Miller	Baltimore, Ohio
Ruth Miner	Lakeville, Conn.
Marguerite Miller	1310 Grand Ave., Connersville, Ind.
Villa R. Mohler	S. 518 Howard St., Spokane, Wash.
Marguerite Molitor	965 Oak St., Columbus, Ohio
Mrs. Marguerite Monroe Denning	929 S. 2d St., Louisville, Ky.
Elizabeth Moody	2818 Freemont Ave., N. Minneapolis, Minn.
Berneita Moran	704 N. State St., Belvidere, Ill.
Ada Moore	P. O. Box 785, Monticello, Ind.
M. Elizabeth Moore	130 35th St., Newport News, Va.
Annie Morrison	Luverne, Ala.
Florence Morrow	Blue Mountain, Miss.
Julia Mullen	375 E. 137th St., N. Y. C.
Erin Munn	87 Newton St., Ozark, Ala.
Elizabeth Murphy	Bartow, Ga.
Honor Murphy	1295 Willow Ave., Louisville, Ky.
Elizabeth Neary	267 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.
Lucy Neary	267 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.
Martha Neely	71 Livalnan St., Gettysburg, Pa.
Jesse Nelson Hogge	Arrow Rock, Mo.
Mildred Nickum	Sterling, Kans.
Winifred Norman	Independence, Iowa
Marguerite Norway	Farmer, Ohio, Defiance County
Harriet Noyes	136 W. 75th St., N. Y. C.
Alice O'Brien	Petersburg, Ind.
Ethel F. O'Connor	Manchester, N. H.
Ann F. O'Donnell	236 Elm St., Holyoke, Mass.
Rose Offutt	445 Walnut Ave., Greensburg, Pa.
Ruby Oldham	Elkton, Ky.
Alice Ostrom Speath	Evansville, Minn.
Eleanor L. Palmer	Silver Spring, Md.
Zelle Pattee	Pocahontas, Iowa
Martha Patton	820 Centennial Ave., Sewickly, Pa.
Irma Paul	Westerville, Ohio
Edith Payne	1054 E. Hickory St., Kankakee, Ill.
Caroline Peart	2842 Raleigh St., Denver, Colo.
Eleanor Peart	Benton, Wis.
Mrs. Tena Peary Keddy	807 L. St., N. W., Washington, D. C.
Grace V. Perry	Clear Spring, Md.
Edna Peters	Salisbury, Md.
Marie Peterson	Litchfield, Minn.
M. Thankful Pickering	Prescott, Wash.
Pearl Pope	Red Cloud, Nebr.
Ruth Porter	Auxvasse, Mo.
Grace Pratt	Massena, N. Y.
Barbara Price	92 Shepherd St., N. Y.
Marguerite Prindiville	375 42d St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mrs. Elizabeth Humphrey Porter	569 N. Kellogg St., Galesburg, Ill.
Mrs. Helen Purdy Dehon	2204 Lee St., Columbia, S. C.
Katherine B. Randall	Wolf Point, Mont.
Mrs. Phyllis Randall Trask	420 Humphrey St., New Haven, Conn.
Bossie Randle	1495 N. 12th St., Birmingham, Ala.
Olive Reid	1817 S. 7th St., Springfield, Ill.
Mrs. Freida Requarth Bowen	206 N. Winter St., Adrian, Mich.
Lucile K. Rhoades	New Vienna, Ohio
Lillian Marie Rohange	Newport, R. I.
Mable Richards	240 Shonnard St., Syracuse, N. Y.
Edna Ritenour	Fairfax, Va.
Myrtle Roberts	Wilton, Wis.
Frances Robertson	908 Grant St., Silver City, N. M.
Mary Robertson	Rowland, N. C.
Jessica Rockwood	232 Edgerton St., Rochester, N. Y.
Beatrice Salisbury	Parker's Prairie, Minn.



Louise Sallander	R. F. D., Box 112, Fresno, Calif.
Maurine Sanborn	2716 Irving Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.
Eva Sawyer	Shabonna, Ill.
Mary Sheer	Fergus Falls, Minn.
Mable Schlafke	Jewell, Iowa
Maury Schwartz	Lebanon, Kans.
Ollilie Schlapp	732 Sixth St., Madison, Iowa
Mrs. Winifred Schruers Levy	9006 205th St., Hollis, L. I. N. Y.
Harriet Schwanz	Lorimer, Iowa
Georgia Scott	Darlington, Md.
Etheline Sculthorp	Tom's River, N. J.
Velma Scanor	Indiana, Pa.
Tressie Seybold McClure	510 Grant Ave., Martin's Ferry, Ohio
Blanche Sharer	620 Park Ave., West Princeton, Ill.
Lydia Sheall	1809 Patterson Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Jennie Shetveland	Audubon, Minn.
Leah Shepherd	410 Exeter St., West Pittston, Pa.
Mrs. May Gray Simpson	1248 Pacific St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Nell Sims	Irving, Ill.
Celia Smith	Brooklyn, Ind.
Mrs. Lillian Smith King	1236 16th Ave., Altoona, Pa.
Mary Smith	Oyster Bay, N. Y.
Elizabeth Stallman	108 W. 7th St., Hutchinson, Kans.
Mrs. Edna Starkey Rhoades	Waterford, Wis.
Elizabeth Sterrett	Hot Springs, Va.
Eileen Stewart	380 River Bluff Road, Elgin, Ill.
Caroline Strong	St. George's Manor, Seetauket, L. I., N. Y.
Mary Stuckenburgh	Camden, Ind.
Anosetta Sullivan	83 Spring St., Newport, R. I.
Edna S. Summer	Valparaiso, Ind.
Mrs. Hazel Suthers Carty	980 East 40th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Phoebe Swenson	1717 N. Fairfield Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Margaret Teller	1211 First St., Red Oak, Iowa
Marion Thatcher	Rt. 2, Kouts, Ind.
L. Gertrude Thompson	Southampton, Long Island, N. Y.
Mrs. Muriel Thompson Purl	Dupo, Ill.
Mrs. Flora Thompson Moffatt	Beltsville, Md.
Marion Thornburg	238 E. Market St., Bethlehem, Pa.
Florence Thorp	1. O. O. F. Bldg., Eugene, Oreg.
Mary Tobin	Port Henry-on-Lake, Chaplain, N. Y.
Lillian A. Tournaud	115 Oak St., So. Manchester, Conn.
Margaret Tracy	532 Howell Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio
Margaret Turner	R. F. D., No. 8, Quincy, Ill.
Olive Twitchell	150 Prospect St., Athol, Mass.
Camilla VanPelt	128 Rockaway Ave., Boonton, N. J.
LaVina N. Varnum	2255 Lime Ave., Long Beach, Calif.
Esther Victory	Berlin, Wis.
Grace Villemonte	Fennemore, Wis.
Marguerite Vizner	239 Jefferson St., Hartford, Conn.
Belle Wagner	3617 Ave. L, Chattanooga, Tenn.
Gertrude Wahl	Barron, Wis.
Mabel Wallace	Valmeyer, Ill.
Althea Wastun	Colton, S. Dak.
Rilla Stevens Whiteford	415 N. 31st St., Portland, Oreg.
Marion Weld	R. F. D. No. 2, No. Adams, Mass.
Buelah Wiedman	Stratton, Nebr.
Katherine Wellington	105 Greenwood Lane, Waltham, Mass.
Mrs. Dorothy Wemple MacGruder	28 Livingston Court, W. New Brighton, S. I., N. Y.
Lulu K. Wolf	206 S. Front St., Milton, Pa.
Mrs. Elizabeth Wemple Pouch	33 Central Ave., Tompkinsville, S. I., N. Y.
Mary Wheeler	1200 Water St., Ashland, Wis.
Edith White	1355 24th St., Des Moines, Iowa
Sarah White	272 Manhattan Ave., New York City
Ethel Whitener	c/o Mrs. Thompson, Denver, N. C.



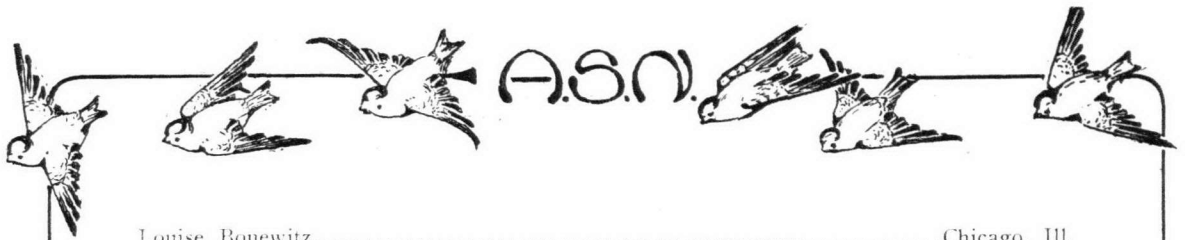
Myrtle Whitlock.....	Irving, Ill.
Hattie Wilcoxon.....	Manassas, Va.
Harriet Willett.....	Sugar Grove, Pa.
Mrs. Eugenie Williston Earl.....	297 Crown St., New Haven, Conn.
Leonora Wing.....	Lafayette Road, Hampton, N. H.
Dorothy Woodworth.....	267 Brownell St., Syracuse, N. Y.
Helen Woodworth.....	213 Orange Ave., Santa Anna, Calif.
Alice Wyler.....	Pulaski, Iowa
Mrs. Mary Yoran Pete.....	5508 Greenwood Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Hazel Corrine Young.....	25 Cohasset St., Boston, Mass.
Lela Younglove.....	Wautoma, Wis.
Marguerite Zaldivar.....	San Salvador, El Salvador, C. A.
Louise Zetzsche.....	Ashley, Ill.
N. Elizabeth Zwemer	c/o Nile Mission Press, Cairo, Egypt.
	c/o S. V. M., Madison Ave., New York City

CLASS OF 1925

Sadie B. Adkins.....	108 High St., Salisbury, Md.
Prudence Anderson.....	Clarkfield, Minn.
Marcia Berens.....	Rumelage, Luxemburg
Susan Books.....	226 Linares Ave., San Antonio, Tex.
Helen T. Carey.....	2202 First St., N. W., Washington D. C.
Dorothy M. Conde.....	102 University Place, Schenectady, N. Y.
Bessie Day.....	1106 S. Eighth St., Laramie, Wyo.
Rose B. Dolan.....	Rosemount, Philadelphia, Pa.
Dorothy M. Frost.....	Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Katherine Cockrell Hall.....	Naval Observatory, Washington, D. C.
Mary Ellen Howe.....	Danville, Pa.
Anne Cornelia Howell.....	Vienna, Ga.
Wilma Barr Howell.....	333 King Albert Blvd., Santa Barbara, Calif.
Margaret Jordan.....	Rappahannock Academy, Va.
Mabel Kennedy.....	139 Leo Ave., Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario
Phyllis Lauriat.....	46 Washington St., Medford, Mass.
Marian L. Lee.....	79 Grove St., South Barrington, Mass.
Edna Livingston.....	South Tacoma, Wash.
Elsie LeMeus.....	642 Ward Place, Portsmouth, Va.
Beatrice Lott.....	Crosbyton, Texas
Ruth M. McGlothlin.....	Ravenswood, W. Va.
Loretta McBride.....	5887 Washington Blvd., St. Louis, Mo.
Eleanore Warren Merrill.....	1083 Washington St., No. Abington, Mass.
Mary F. Mitchell.....	511 Jefferson St., N. W., Washington, D. C.
Martha Nowinski.....	275 Bridge St., Appleton, Wis.
Gladys M. Peacock.....	12 Grosvenor Place, London, E. C.
Gertrude P. Pendleton.....	1710 Rhode Island Ave., Washington, D. C.
Esther Ransom.....	Annandale, Minn.
Ella R. Reed.....	Lisbon, Ohio
Jeanette Everett Robinson.....	516 E. Prairie St., Decatur, Ill.
Elsie B. Sinkler.....	1606 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Mary A. Stecher.....	Montverde, Fla.
Esther A. Stephens.....	213 Planters Apt., Leavenworth, Kans.
Priscilla G. Vincent.....	Rio, Wis.
A. M. Taylor.....	618 Arnette Ave., Durham, N. C.
Alline Thompson.....	Isla, Ga.
Helen M. Walk.....	257 Eighth St., Columbia, Pa.
Mary Willeford.....	Wharton, Tex.
Gertrude Wilson.....	Lyndhurst, Va.
Mermel Wonsor.....	Crauton, Wis.

CLASS OF 1926

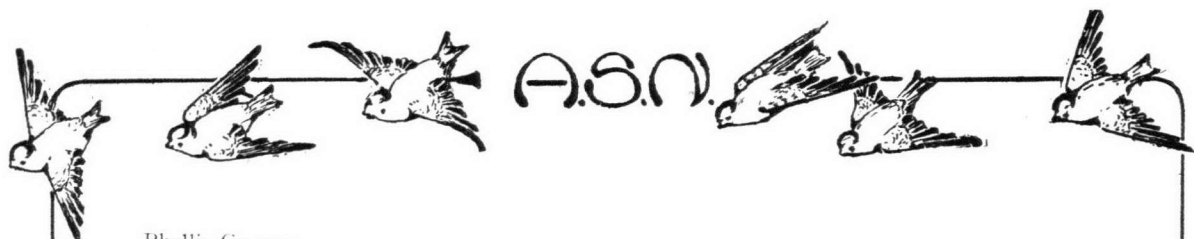
Bertha E. Anderson.....	126 Walnut St., Cloquet, Minn.
Catherine B. Bangs.....	478 Washington Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Theresa M. Belknap.....	313 Third Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Minnie E. Berg.....	Egypt, Pa.



Louise Bonewitz.....	Chicago, Ill.
S. Ruth Boyd.....	Spring Valley, Ohio
Doris M. Coolidge.....	22 Queen St., Wellsboro, Pa.
Anna F. Corder.....	609 G St., N. W., Washington, D. C.
Frances M. Crosson.....	Lapel, Ind.
Agnes E. Davis.....	3201 Washington St., San Francisco, Calif.
Roselyn Doyle.....	Detroit, Mich.
Edith M. Eastis.....	Sour Lake, Texas
Mildred C. Ellis.....	Henderson, N. C.
Margaret E. Francis.....	Springfield, Mass.
Bert C. Harder.....	Cordele, Ga.
Marian L. Harms.....	Chestnut St., Wellsville, N. Y.
Edna Hollis.....	Wyalusing, Pa.
Christine Hawell.....	Wyalusing, Pa.
Portia Irick.....	Hadley, Ill.
Beulah M. Johnson.....	South Londonderry, Vt.
Helen V. Johnson.....	22 Huntington Ave., Worcester, Mass.
Grayce Jones.....	Noblesville, Ind.
B. Olive Hart.....	1026 W. Decatur St., Decatur, Ill.
Helen M. Kenner.....	353 North Line St., Columbia City, Ind.
Dorothy M. Kurtz.....	Edgewood Arsenal, Md.
Irene Langevin.....	Hope St., Springdale, Conn.
Virginia Long.....	Parsons, W. Va.
Alta M. McNeil.....	Wolf Point, Mont.
Barbara C. Miller.....	262 Knopp St., Milwaukee, Wis.
Elise Moore.....	Blanch, N. C.
Clara Jack Perry.....	Mount Sterling, Ill.
Mary A. Pierce.....	Auxvasse, Mo.
Frances Reider.....	Camp Lewis, Wash.
Edith Robin.....	3603 10th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.
Lois Helen Sears.....	Neilsville, Wis.
Augusta Short.....	45th and 13th St., Meridian, Miss.
Lillian A. Stecher.....	Montverde, Fla.
Freida L. Stromberg.....	1162 34th St., Oakland, Calif.
Adelene VanOstran.....	Brookston, Ind.
Margaret A. VanOstran.....	Brookston, Ind.
M. Elizabeth Watkins.....	Blanch, N. C.
Lucy A. Waugh.....	Columbia City, Ind.
Alice C. Wickward.....	66 Noel St., Springfield, Mass.
Rachel G. Wilson.....	Lyndhurst, Va.
Laura K. Wood.....	Northeast Roanoke, Va.
Isabel M. Young.....	Wolf Point, Mont.

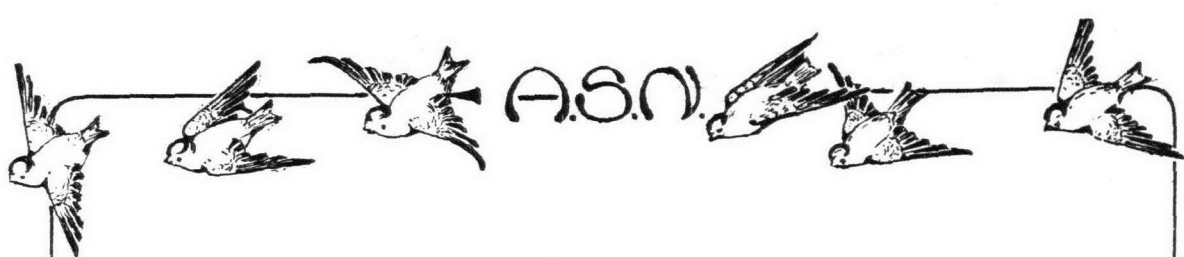
CLASS OF 1927

Edwina Webster Adams.....	Boone, Md.
Lucille R. Baker.....	802 Ravine St., Decorah, Iowa
Charlotte Buckner.....	Fort Crook, Nebr.
Christine M. Burton.....	Whitmell, Va.
Donice Butcher.....	3351 Nicholas Ave., S. E., Washington, D. C.
Thelma Carpenter.....	Fort Monroe, Va.
Geraldine Conover.....	245 Villa St., Elgin, Ill.
Lonnie C. Copenhagen.....	Bel Air, Md.
Myrtle V. Copenhagen.....	Bel Air, Md.
Rosalie D. Colhoun.....	Wadsworth Hall, Staten Island, N. Y.
Helen E. Coolidge.....	22 Queens St., Wellsboro, Pa.
Nannie L. Dayhoff.....	111 East Main St., Waynesboro, Pa.
M. Eileen Doherty.....	82 Kilby St., Woburn, Mass.
Vivian L. Fisher.....	R. R. No. 4, Lebanon, Ohio
Elizabeth Fitch.....	1033 Elmwood Ave., Willmette, Ill.
Lucile Franz.....	416 Magruder St., Cumberland, Md.
Veronica V. Gallagher.....	Reedsburg, Wis.
Pauline Gary.....	Cordele, Ga.
Mary L. Goss.....	132 McWilliams Court, Marion, Ohio



Phyllis Greaves.....	Laurel, Md.
Florence E. Halverson.....	Pendleton, Va.
Mary C. Harris.....	412 Twelfth Ave., Cordele, Ga.
Mary Estelle Harder.....	921 Main St., Fredericksburg, Va.
Helen K. Hearn.....	Rio, Wis.
Norma I. Hendrickson.....	52 Schultz Ave., Phillipsburg, N. J.
Clara M. Hennion.....	Mill Gap, Va.
Hallie L. Herold.....	88 Alger Ave., Providence, R. I.
Myrtle Hodgkins.....	3230 Euclid Heights Blvd., Cleveland, Ohio
Helen A. Horton.....	224 Mass. Ave., Providence, R. I.
Ruth D. Johnson.....	Doylestown, Wis.
Alice E. Kirby.....	1101 Lynn St., Hancock, Mich.
Eleanor A. Kangas.....	Elizabeth Laughrey.....
Elizabeth Laughrey.....	124 Polk St., Cumberland, Md.
Ellen M. Mathers.....	68 Main St., Wellsboro, Pa.
Mary E. Major.....	3600 Norledge Place, Kansas City, Mo.
Kate Marsh.....	32 Oakland St., Asheville, N. C.
Amy E. McGowan.....	74 Oak St., Providence, R. I.
Veva F. Melvin.....	705 East Spruce St., Iola, Kans.
Winifred Mo.....	960 15th Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.
Phyllis C. Mobus.....	1225 Fifth Ave., Altoona, Pa.
Senorita E. Moore.....	226 West Jackson St., Granville, Ohio
Nannie B. Moseley.....	145 N. Coalter St., Staunton, Va.
Katherine Mulliken.....	10 Harris St., Newberryport, Mass.
Lois E. Munroe.....	185 Walnut St., E. Providence, R. I.
Lottie E. Murray.....	Boone Mill, Va.
Selma E. Peterson.....	Route 2, Box 175, Chassell, Mich.
Scottie B. Robertson.....	Jacksonville, Ala.
Mary G. Satterfield.....	Blanch, N. C.
Althea Schafer.....	418 Magruder St., Cumberland, Md.
Margaret Sherwood.....	314 Sycamore St., Creston, Iowa
Virginia M. Stewart.....	380 Alexander Ave., Elgin, Ill.
Bess Sydnor.....	Hamilton, Va.
Dorothy M. Thompson.....	1211 Washington St., Huntington, Pa.
Justine S. Trout.....	West Main St., New Britain, Conn.
Leona Truax.....	28 Janet St., West Springfield, Mass.
Dorothy M. Waldo.....	Wysox, Pa.
Margaret Walter.....	Delaware City, Del.
Mabel A. Watkins.....	Blanch, N. C.
Mary P. Watson.....	Laurel, Md.
Grace L. Whitehead.....	Decorah, Iowa
Frances D. Williams.....	R. R. No. 7, Delaware, Ohio
Claribel Zeigler.....	





List of Accepted Applicants for the March Class 1928 Army School of Nursing

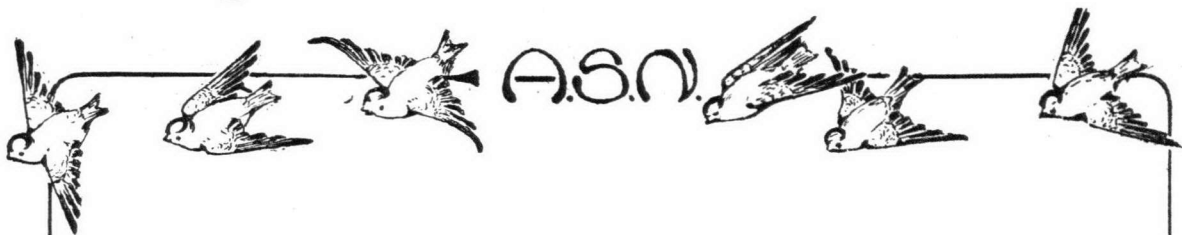
Anderson, Anna G.....	Cedar City, Utah
Ayres, G. Beatrice.....	269 West 5th St. Lewiston, Pa.
Bonner Mae Carlisle.....	4743 Reservoir Road, Washington, D. C.
Bulifant, Hazel A.....	c/o Home Fire Ins. Co., Hampton, Va.
Davis, Minna E.....	34b Providence St., Worcester, Mass.
Derby, Frances C.....	The Sanitorium, Clifton Springs, N. Y.
Duggleby, Emlyn M.....	2364 East Locust St., Davenport, Ia.
Dunlap, Grovenc.....	Polkton, N. C.
Ferguson, Geraldine V.....	812 College Ave., Ashland, Ohio
Field, Elsie M.....	Finksburg, Md.
Fulton, Viola.....	227 West Green St., Reading, Pa.
Gaver, Hazel D.....	Purcellville, Va.
Gray, Bessie.....	2713 9th St., Meridian, Miss.
Gray, Edith.....	1918 West Chestnut Ave., Altoona, Pa.
Hinson, Jetta.....	2327 18th St. N. W., Washington, D. C.
Hudgins, Mrs. Helen Machen.....	Palmer Springs, Va.
Lyons, Thelma.....	Milroy, Ind.
McBride, Bertice.....	115 Poplar St., Washington, Ind.
McDonough, Ruth T.....	1362 Playford Ave., Zanesville, Ohio
Machen, Frances L.....	Palmer Springs, Va.
Mickiewicz, Sophia F.....	6661 Townsend Ave., Detroit, Mich.
Myer, Betty A.....	829 Whittier Place N. W., Washington, D. C.
Neely, Lena G.....	Highland Hall, Holidaysburg, Pa.
Nevill, Hattie M.....	113 42nd St., Savannah, Ga.
Reed, Margaret E.....	Purcellville, Ga.
Reynolds, Sallie E.....	Route 5, Asheville, N. C.
Samples, Gladys G.....	Monterey, Va.
Spivey, Esther.....	621 Alabama Ave. S. E., Congress Heights, Washington, D. C.
Turner, Mary B.....	607 Rose Ave., Clifton Forge, Va.

A decorative header featuring a horizontal line with six birds in flight, alternating above and below the line. The birds are stylized with detailed feathers. The text 'A.S.N.' is centered on the line.

A.S.N.

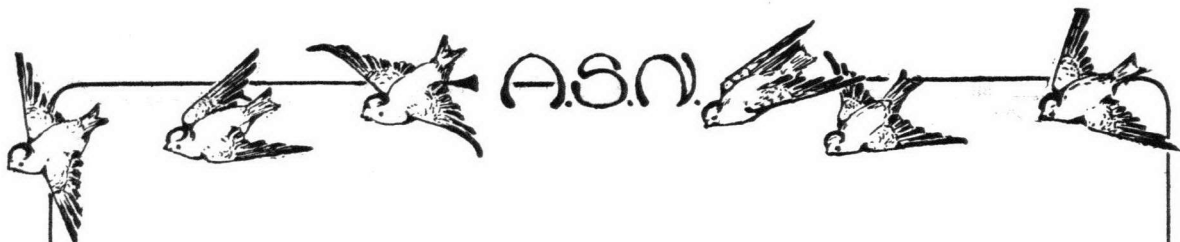
Autographs

1925



Autographs

1925



Autographs

1925





WALTER REED HOSPITAL NURSES GRADUATE. Above: coveted Rea medal awarded to Miss Gertrude C. Wilson, pinned on by Brig. Gen. William Glennon. Below: The graduating class marching through lane formed by undergraduates.

Hugh Miller, Post Staff Photographer.

